

July 1986

Reader's Digest



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VOL. 129 No. 771 JUL 1986



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YOU HAVE not converted a man
because you have silenced him.

— John Morley

WE VISIT others as a matter of
social obligation. How long has
it been since we have visited
with ourselves?

— M.A.

SCULPTORS still live in the Stone
Age.

— Sofocleto

THERE are no faster or firmer
friendships than those between
people who love the same
books.

— Irving Stone,

Clarence Darrow for the Defence

IT is good to live for one's
country, but better to help one's
country live.

— Enrique Mosconi

in La Cooperacion Libre, Argentina

THE SOIL in return for her ser-
vice keeps the tree tied to her.
The sky asks nothing and leaves
it free.

— Rabindranath Tagore, *Fireflies*

SHOWING up is 80 per cent of
life.

— Woody Allen

THIS MONTH'S COVER

"Early Morning Breakfast"

by Graeme Ross

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It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

BY PETER FUNK



A WAY with words will help you pull ahead. Tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **mar**—A: to join. B: garble. C: damage. D: mismanage.
- (2) **revamp**—A: to revise. B: back out. C: decorate. D: entice.
- (3) **chide**—A: to scold. B: discredit. C: pay. D: fret.
- (4) **flummox**—A: to bully. B: push away. C: confound. D: polish.
- (5) **entrench**—A: to destroy. B: cover over. C: establish firmly. D: interrupt.
- (6) **arch**—A: teasing. B: haughty. C: superficial. D: angry.
- (7) **sojourn**—A: pilgrimage. B: peaceful period. C: brief stay. D: extended visit.
- (8) **felicity** (fuh LISS I tee)—A: delicacy. B: deception. C: faithfulness. D: happiness.
- (9) **affectation** (af ek TAY shun)—A: ability to activate people. B: sympathy. C: elegance. D: artificial behaviour.
- (10) **gaffe** (GAF)—A: one-line joke. B: blunder. C: chatter. D: elderly man.
- (11) **marginal**—A: soft. B: close to the limit. C: out of the question. D: false.
- (12) **earthy**—A: warm. B: nurturing. C: heavy. D: coarse.
- (13) **fillip** (FIL ip)—A: stimulus. B: quote. C: young mare. D: witticism.
- (14) **tasteless**—A: insensitive. B: meaningless. C: not truthful. D: inappropriate.
- (15) **irremediable** (Ir eh MEE dee uh bul)—A: urgent. B: incurable. C: endless. D: not permitting passage.
- (16) **icon** (EYE kon)—A: tool. B: piece of jewellery. C: image. D: sword.
- (17) **cohere**—A: to remain true to form. B: force. C: originate. D: stick together.
- (18) **gawk**—A: to croak. B: fill. C: complain. D: stare.
- (19) **warble**—A: to talk foolishly. B: sing. C: twist. D: sustain.
- (20) **janizary** (JAN uh zer ee)—A: cleaning staff. B: supporter. C: area of influence. D: treasury.

Answers to

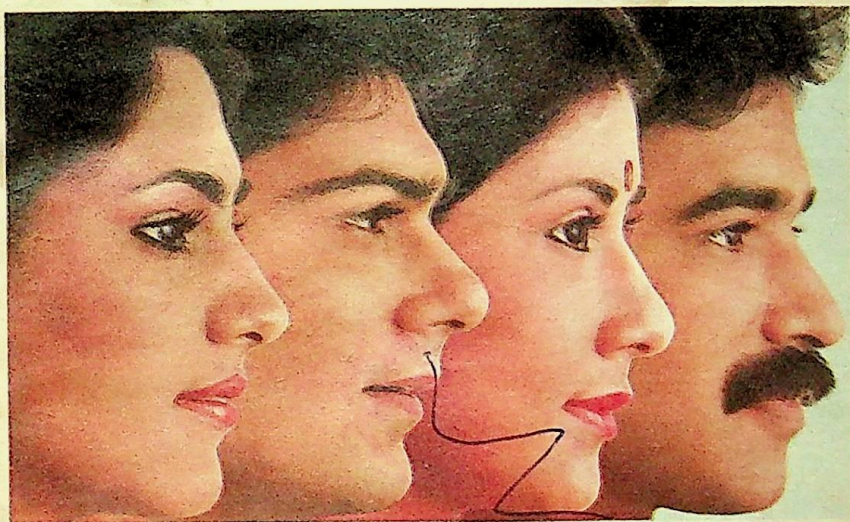
It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

- (1) **mar**—C: To damage or ruin; spoil the appearance of. Old English *merran* (to hinder).
- (2) **revamp**—A: To revise; renovate; improve. "The radio station *revamped* its schedule." Latin *re-* (again) and Middle English *vamp* (to patch).
- (3) **chide**—A: To scold; give a mild reprimand. Old English *cidan*.
- (4) **flummox**—C: To confound; bewilder; puzzle; as, to be *flummoxed* by the fast-talking salesman. Nineteenth century English.
- (5) **entrench**—C: To establish firmly. "The idea of democracy is *entrenched* in free societies." Latin *in-* (in) and Old French *trenchier* (to dig).
- (6) **arch**—A: Teasing, affectedly playful; as, an *arch* glance. Greek *arkhos* (chief).
- (7) **sojourn**—C: A brief stay; as, their *sojourn* in Hong Kong. Old French *sojor*.
- (8) **felicity**—D: Happiness; joy; as, a life of rare *felicity*. Also, a pleasing manner or style. Latin *felicitas*.
- (9) **affectation**—D: Artificial behaviour intended to impress others. "Her interest in fine art is an *affectation*." Latin *affectare* (to aim at, frequent).
- (10) **gaffe**—B: A blunder, such as a tactless remark or a clumsy mistake. French.
- (11) **marginal**—B: Close to the limit; barely adequate; as, *marginal* reading ability. Latin *margo* (border; boundary).
- (12) **earthy**—D: Coarse; crude; as, *earthy* humour. Old English *eorthe* (earth).
- (13) **fillip**—A: Stimulus, incentive; originally a flick of finger or thumb. "The new software program added a *fillip* to the study routine." Imitative of finger flick.
- (14) **tasteless**—D: Inappropriate for the occasion; in bad taste; uninteresting. Old French *tast* (taste) and Old English *leas* (devoid of).
- (15) **irremediable**—B: Incurable; impossible to remedy. "The pilot made an *irremediable* error." Latin *ir-* (not) and *remediabilis* (remediable).
- (16) **icon**—C: Image, statue; in Orthodox churches a venerated representation of a sacred personage. Greek *eikon* (image).
- (17) **cohere**—D: To stick or hold together as parts of a whole. "Falling snowflakes *cohere* into a soft, white blanket." Latin *co-* (together) and *haerere* (to stick).
- (18) **gawk**—D: To stare stupidly; gape. "The crowd *gawked* at the film stars." From obsolete *gaw* (gaze).
- (19) **warble**—B: To sing in a trilling manner. "A robin *warbled* near our window." Middle English *werble* (to whirl).
- (20) **janizary**—B: Devoted supporter; originally a soldier in the Turkish sultan's guard; as, the *janizaries* of the dictator. Turkish *yenicheri* (new troops).

Vocabulary Ratings

- 16 or more correct excellent
15-12 correct good
11-9 correct fair

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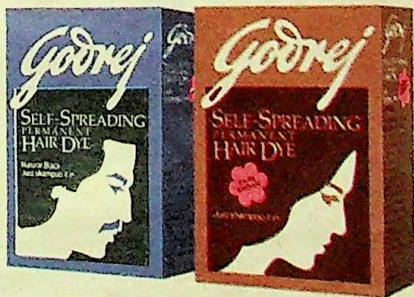
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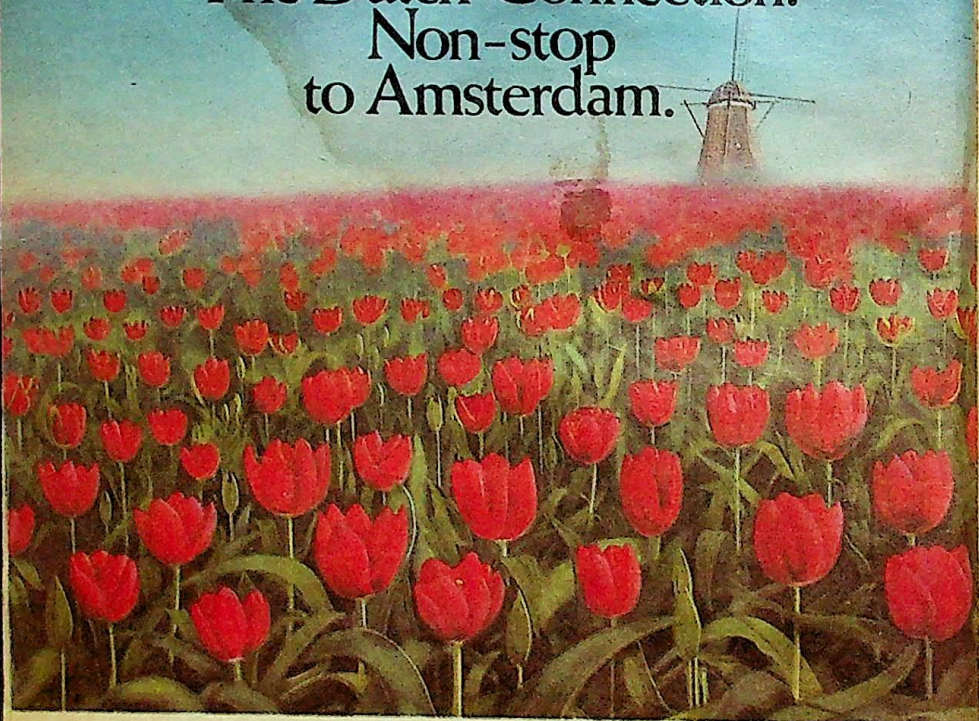
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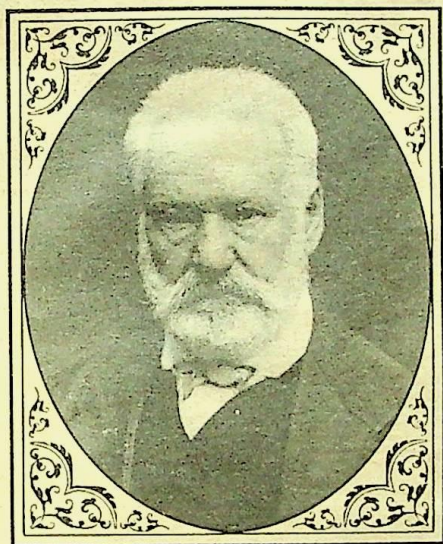


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Victor Hugo:



A Man for All Time

By JEAN-MARIE JAVRON

This mercurial genius died a century ago, but his literary masterpieces and vision of freedom live on

ON THE hundredth anniversary of his death, Victor Hugo—poet, novelist, playwright, critic, politician—still appears as his contemporaries saw him: a colossus. The scope of his work remains dizzying: 48 volumes translated into at least 44

languages of which tens of millions of copies have been sold throughout the world.

In fact, Hugo's literary stature has actually grown. "Never," said French poet-philosopher Paul Valéry, "has the power to say everything been possessed and exercised to such an extent." Jean-Paul Sartre saw him as "the uncontested sovereign of his century." And poet Philippe Soupault maintains today that Hugo, because he defended the downtrodden, "enables the suffering to cry out."

Born in 1802, the third son of General Léopold Hugo and Sophie Trébuchet, Victor was so sickly as a baby that his parents thought he would die. But he more than made up for his feeble beginnings. By the time he was 14, the boy was already a prolific poet—author of a verse tragedy and enough poems to cram 11 notebooks. What's more, his capacity for work was matched by the acuteness of his judgement—and he was aware of how high he could fly: "I want to be Chateaubriand or nothing," he wrote at 15, referring to the leading writer of the time.

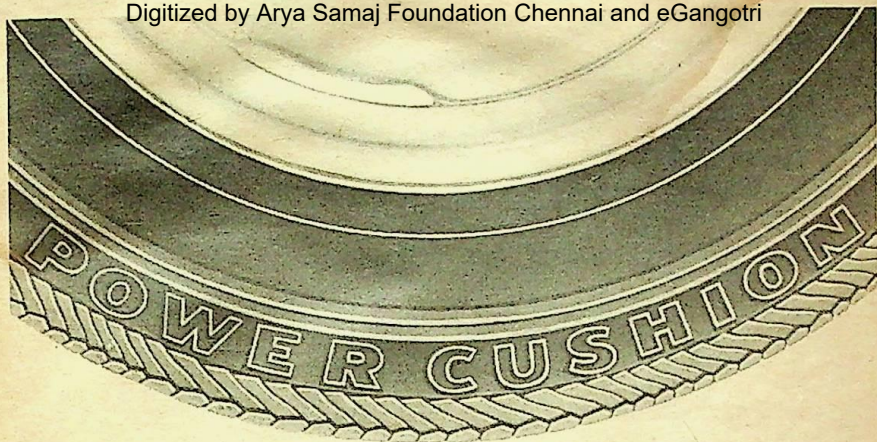
Masterpieces. Chateaubriand edited a newspaper called *Le conservateur*; Victor and his brothers, Abel and Eugène, founded a magazine they named *Le conservateur littéraire*. In 16 months, young Hugo published 112 articles and 22 poems under 11

pseudonyms, almost single-handedly filling his magazine. Whether his subject was drama criticism, foreign literature or politics, his maturity and breadth of knowledge were astounding.

At 21, he was already a well-known writer. After reading Hugo's first published novel, *Han of Iceland*, poet Alfred de Vigny wrote: "This is a beautiful and great and lasting work." Masterpiece followed masterpiece: the novel *Bug-Jargal*, written when he was 24, the verse drama *Cromwell* a year later, and the poems *Orientales*, verse drama *Marion Delorme* and a novel *The Condemned Man's Last Day*, all written when he was 27.

At 28, Hugo wrote *Notre-Dame de Paris* in a mere six months—having spent three years researching medieval Paris. To force himself to finish his epic, he locked away all his clothes except an ankle-length sweater coat. After reading the adventures of the beautiful Esmeralda and Quasimodo the hunchback, poet Alphonse de Lamartine wrote: "It's Shakespeare in novel form. It's the epic of the Middle Ages."

Thirty years later, Hugo mustered as much energy in writing *Les misérables*, the vast fresco denouncing injustice through the misfortunes of Jean Valjean, Fantine and her daughter Cosette. By then, so great was his fame that visiting heads of state asked to



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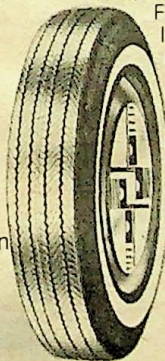
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meet him, apologizing for interrupting his work. His books sold so fast that many editions going on sale at 8am were exhausted by noon.

Notorious Womanizer. André Maurois, Hugo's most distinguished biographer, said that having begun to read Victor's works when he was 15, he had continued throughout his life to discover "new aspects of his genius" in both the man and his writing. While Hugo's literary genius is unchallenged, the man himself was full of contradictions.

Hugo was a notorious womanizer. Deeply in love with Adèle Foucher, whom he married when he was 20, he wrote for her some of the loveliest lines a man has ever addressed to a woman:

"It is you who hold my hand when I walk in shadow;

"And the beams of heaven come to me from your eyes."

Yet within eight years the couple had retired to separate bedrooms. When Victor met Juliette Drouet, an actress he described as "pale with black eyes, young, tall, dazzling," who remained his life-long mistress, he wrote poems every bit as sublime as those he had composed for his wife.

Their relationship was an open secret; all Paris knew of it, including Adèle, who was cheating on Victor with their best friend, writer Charles Sainte-Beuve. And only months after Victor's liaison

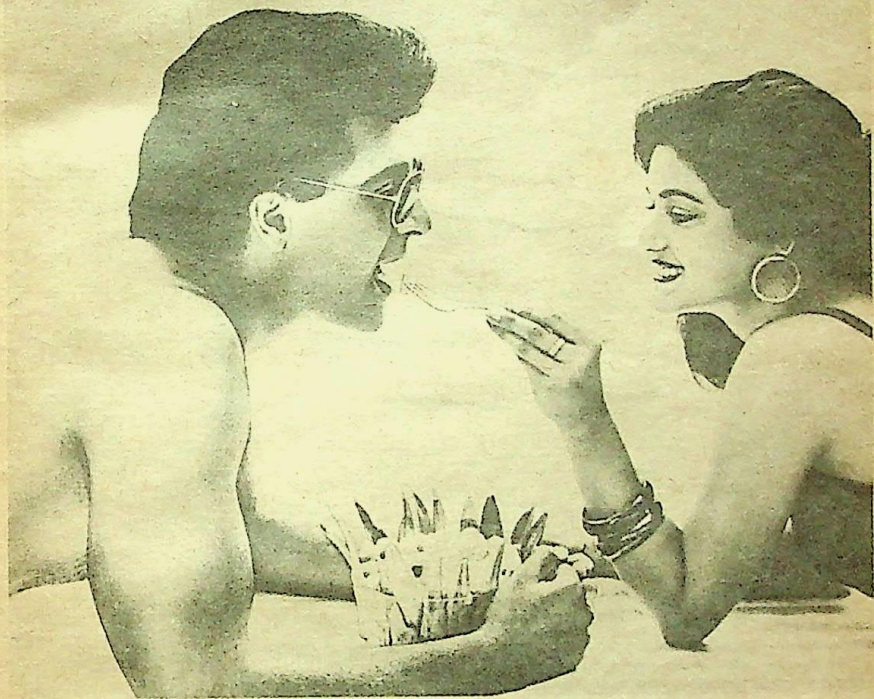
with Juliette began, he was caught committing adultery with a young journalist, Léonie Biard. And age never dampened his ardour. In the last years of his life, he continued to note his "good fortunes" in a separate diary that he kept in Spanish so as not to horrify Juliette in case she happened to come across it.

Hugo's contradictory attitude towards money illustrates the complexity of his disconcerting personality. He was rich by the age of 30, but he insisted Adèle keep a record of her household expenditure and went over her accounts every evening. From Juliette, who spent her days copying his manuscripts, he demanded justification of her purchase of a box of tooth powder and flew into a rage at seeing her with a new apron—which was, in fact, just an old shawl she had converted.

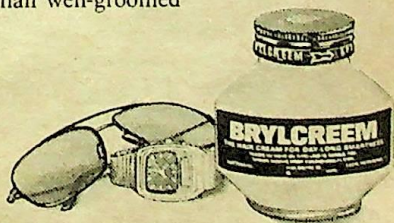
Years in Exile. But Hugo was also known as one of the most generous men of this time. He presented a layette to needy neighbours, coal and meat to others, and invited up to 40 poor children a week to dine at his house.

Throughout his life, Hugo was too sincere, too impulsive and fair-minded to understand politics. When he entered the National Assembly in 1848 as a conservative, Paris was in the throes of bloody rioting. His programme, "I am for the little man against the powerful and for order versus

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anarchy," frightened both the conservatives and the left. Yet when General Jean-Baptiste Cavaignac brutally put down the uprising, Hugo defended the political prisoners and denounced violations of freedom of the press.

In the months that followed, he protested violently against poverty, which he personally investigated in the slums of Paris and other cities. He argued for universal suffrage when the government was preparing to restrict voting rights, and called for the abolition of political deportation and of capital punishment. Whereupon the Good Order Party, on whose ticket Hugo had been elected, disavowed him as a dangerous man.

Originally a fervent royalist, he was now a champion of republicanism and, after a royalist coup d'état in December 1851, Hugo fled Paris to escape arrest and a possible firing squad. It was the beginning of 19 years in exile—the price Hugo had to pay for his convictions.

Return to Paris. Exile—first in Belgium, then on the island of Jersey, and finally on Guernsey—failed to silence him. Hugo continued to rebel against every curb on freedom and human rights. The power of his pamphlets gave him national political stature, and he gradually became the conscience of all advocates of progress.

Hugo purchased his residence

on Guernsey despite Adèle's objections, and settled in as if he would never see his country again. The poet worked long morning hours in a room at the top of the house, walked in the afternoon with Juliette, who lived in a house near by, and spent evenings playing games and cards with other political refugees. He received streams of visitors bringing news from France.

On September 5, 1870, the day after the Third Republic had been declared, Hugo returned to Paris. For him, the end of exile was an apotheosis. He had left France in fear of being recognized; now he knew that thousands of men and women were awaiting his return. When his train pulled into the Paris station, the crowd began to recite lines from his poems. Tears welling in his eyes, Hugo declared, "In one hour you have repaid me for 19 years of exile."

But for the ageing poet, this was also a time of mourning. His first son had died as an infant, and his daughter Léopoldine drowned at 19. His wife Adèle had died in 1868, followed by his grandson Georges. Now his two sons, Charles and François-Victor, both perished within a few months, and his daughter Adèle, the only survivor among his five children, was half-insane and had to be committed. "If I did not believe in the soul," Hugo wrote after Charles's death, "I would not live

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RISHIKESH, U.P.

a minute longer."

He still had Juliette and his grandchildren, Jeanne and another Georges, the solace of his old age. They were at their grandfather's side throughout the festivities on his 79th birthday, when the French Premier and delegations from France's principal cities came to congratulate him, and 600,000 people paraded past his home.

On May 21, 1885, Victor Hugo summoned his grandchildren to his Paris mansion. The old man kissed them and said, "Be happy, think of me, love me." The following afternoon, France's great poet died. His last words: "I see a black light."

Fifty-two years later, during the Spanish Civil War, writer André Malraux noticed copies of *Les misérables* in the baggage of Republican soldiers fighting against Franco. During the Second World War, a band of French Resistance fighters called itself the Victor Hugo Group. In 1944, when Charles de Gaulle gave Frenchwomen the vote, he recalled that Hugo had argued for this measure as early as 1872. And when the death penalty was abolished in France in 1981, this too confirmed the vision of Victor Hugo, who had fought against capital punishment all his life.

A century after his death, Hugo remains a man of our time.



Whistling Wizards

ON GOMERA in the Canary Islands, south-west of Tenerife, the inhabitants communicate in a kind of whistle-language dating back to the original inhabitants, the Guanches. This system of whistled signals is understood by the majority of the present population.

Gomera's mountainous landscape, rich in echoes, makes it easy to whistle the news rapidly from point to point, using fingers as well as lips. With its simple but practical structure, the whistle-language of Gomera is a philological rarity.

—Janik Press Service

Past Perfect

THE ENGINEERS of a construction company building a nuclear power plant near the central Spanish city of Guadalajara are paying tribute to their ancient Roman predecessors.

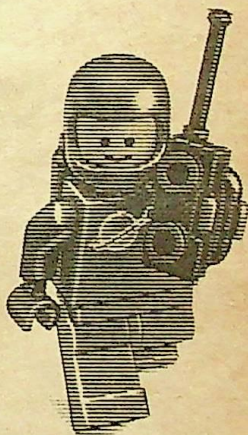
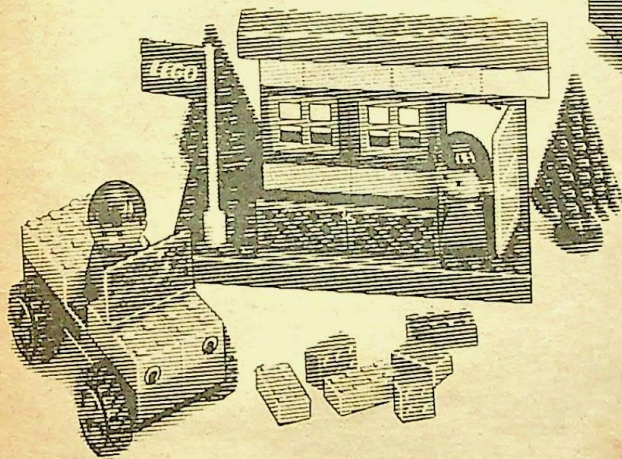
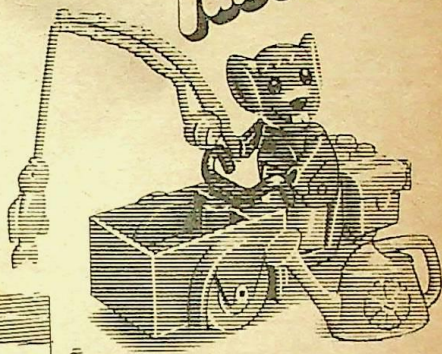
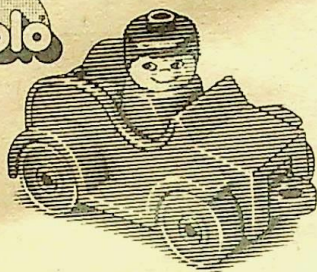
One of the huge parts for the reactor is too heavy to be delivered to the site at Trillo over the modern concrete bridge across the Henares river. The builders have asked permission to truck it instead across a narrow stone bridge which they have determined is a lot more solid and can take the load without strain. The foundations for this bridge were built by the Romans about 2,000 years ago.

—"PHS" in *The Times*, London

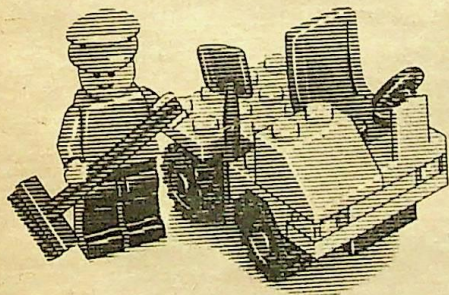


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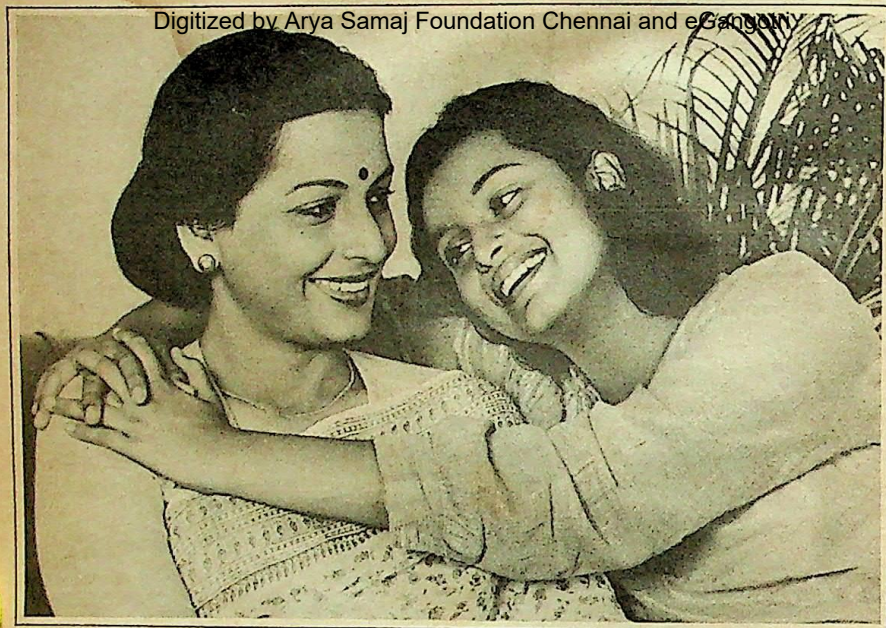


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Those growing-up years. As a mother I understand how difficult they can be for a young girl.

“Why I chose Carefree for my daughter”

Every mother knows what those first few years are like for a young girl . . . the years when she leaves her childhood behind and becomes a young woman . . . the unsureness, the anxiety.

As a mother I understand . . . after all I too was her age once. And I know what it's like to go through those five days of the month . . . the discomfort, the uneasiness.

All these years I've been using home-made sanitary protection. And it was so embarrassing . . . all that washing and drying!

You see, all these years I've been using home-made sanitary protection. And it was so embarrassing . . . all that washing and drying. It was like letting everybody around you know you were

going through it used to be so inconvenient too — one could never be sure of being totally protected . . . there was always the worry of having an 'accident' — you know what I mean!

Of course, today I've got used to home-made sanitary protection. And in our days, it really didn't matter anyhow. Because in any case we weren't allowed to go out on those five days.

But times have changed now . . . girls today are expected to be active even on those five days of the month.

But times have changed now! These days with modern sanitary protection like Carefree available, it doesn't make any sense to make my daughter go through what I did as a young girl. Besides, my daughter is living in a very different age from the one I grew up in. Girls today are expected to be active even on those 5 days of the month. Take my daughter — she has to cope up with much, much more than I had to . . . whether it's her studies or her other activities. What's more, I want her to have fun at her age . . . not sit at home like we had to.

That's why I chose Carefree for my daughter. I want her to feel secure enough to cope with whatever she's doing. And what could be better than Carefree to help her?

You see, Carefree is a ready-made napkin, so it's easy to wear and easy to change. She doesn't

Carefree Sanitary Napkins — total comfort, total protection for today's changing times

have to waste time folding pieces of cloth and cotton together. But what's even more important to me as a mother is, that Carefree is far more hygienic.

With Carefree my daughter doesn't have to go through the embarrassment of washing and drying. She just wears a clean, fresh napkin each time.

Initially I must admit I had some doubts about the protection a ready-made napkin could give . . . but now my daughter's been using it for some time, I realise a sanitary napkin doesn't really have to be large and bulky to be absorbent. And to protect a girl from embarrassing accidents. My daughter herself says she feels far, far more comfortable and safe and secure with Carefree . . . even when she's going out. So I don't have to worry about her any more.

Carefree has made my daughter's life so much simpler, easier, because it's so much more convenient.

In fact, Carefree has made my daughter's life so much simpler, easier, because it's so much more convenient . . . I feel really happy.

I'm so glad I could give my daughter what we didn't have in our times. Carefree convenience. Carefree protection. After all, shouldn't we be changing with the times?

Available in 10's pack and economical 20's and 30's pack.

Also available, 10's pack of Carefree Extra Large.



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**LIMITED
REFRACTORIES
BETPAHAR**

**TATA
REFRACTORIES
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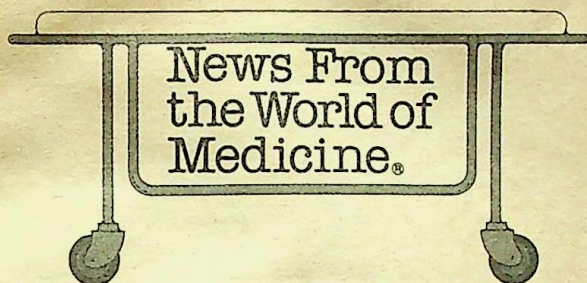
Our old skill
in making refractories
now under
an illustrious name.



TATA REFRACTORIES LIMITED

a new dimension

mad/vtl 8423



Night-Shift Diet

ALL OF US are governed by a complex series of inner clocks that regulate thousands of biological functions and, in part, dictate our times of elation and depression, patience and irritability, precision and carelessness. But understanding of these rhythms has come long after American industries established shift work.

Most of the 27 per cent of employed American men who do work nights change shifts weekly. No sooner have their internal clocks adjusted to one shift than they are put on another. The result is that they suffer chronically from physiological effects similar to the jet lag experienced when travellers fly to another time zone.

At the Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago, biologist Charles Ehret, best known for his anti-jet-lag diet, has devised a special week-end diet for workers changing over from day to night-shift: feast on Friday with a high-protein breakfast and lunch and a high-carbohydrate supper, but consume caffeine only between 3 and 5pm; eat sparingly on Saturday, keeping carbohydrates especially low and avoiding caffeine except in the morning; stay up late Saturday night, sleep late on Sunday and then eat a high-protein breakfast

and lunch. Just before going to bed eat a high-carbohydrate supper.

—Jane Brody in *New York Times*

Blood-Vessel Booster

BOSTON UNIVERSITY researchers have discovered in preliminary animal experiments a natural substance that promotes the growth of new blood-vessels, opening up prospects for developing new treatments for a variety of medical problems.

In people with a history of heart disease and stroke—in which blood-vessels can be blocked and fail to transport needed oxygen-carrying blood to body tissues—the substance could be used to prevent problems or as an aid to recovery. Dr Harry Goldsmith, professor of surgery and head of the research team, said that a blood-vessel-growth promoter could also help in the treatment of wounds, burns, fractures, and complications from diabetes.

The Boston scientists said they had prepared an extract from a fatty, membranous structure called the omentum that covers organs in the abdominal cavity and injected the extract into rabbit corneas, a region of the eyes where no blood-vessels are normally present. New vessels began to form after a single injection. "By

seven to ten days, blood-vessels had formed a dense and richly structured network within the cornea," the researchers reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Biochemist Nicholas Catsimpooulas said that the team was "working intensely" to determine just which chemical is responsible for the growth so it can be administered in purer form. —Cristine Russell in *Washington Post*

Vitamin C and Cancer

OLD IDEAS die hard. So do some relatively new ones. In the early 1970s US chemist Linus Pauling (1954 Nobel chemistry prize-winner and 1962 Nobel peace prize-winner), proposed that large doses of vitamin C could help treat cancer. This was tried and reported in a Scottish study that showed a striking extension of life for cancer patients treated with the vitamin. But researchers at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that more objective studies show no such benefit.

The Mayo researchers followed two groups of cancer patients simultaneously in a randomized, "double-blind" study—neither patients nor doctors knew which patients were getting the vitamin and which a placebo. This protects against "conscious or unconscious bias on the part of the investigators," says Dr Charles Moertel, an author of the report.

The Mayo team first showed that vitamin C had no effect in treating cancer in 1979. But some of their patients had undergone chemotherapy, which Pauling said damaged resistance mechanisms that otherwise would have been enhanced

by the vitamin.

So the Mayo group undertook a new study, using only patients with advanced cancer of the large bowel—the most frequent tumour type for which the Scottish group had reported improvement—who had not received chemotherapy. The researchers found that these patients lived just as long on placebos as on high-dose vitamin C. In fact, probably by chance, more long-term survivors had received placebos than vitamin C. Pauling countered that the new results do not negate the results of the Scottish study because the Mayo group had given vitamin C for only two and a half months, whereas the Scottish patients continued taking vitamin C all through their lives. Nevertheless, the Mayo Clinic researchers believe the issue of vitamin C as a cancer treatment has been laid to rest. —D.D. Bennett in *Science News*

Post-Operative Care: Tube or Not Tube?

NEARLY all surgeons believe that patients recovering from abdominal operations should have a nasogastric tube in place to drain the stomach until complete intestinal function has been restored. This is thought to lessen the risk of wound infection and other complications. But a study reported in *Annals of Surgery* by Dr Joel Bauer and others found that when patients at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York were treated without such tubes, only six out of 100 needed them. Patients dislike having these tubes passed through their noses. Shouldn't their routine use be reconsidered in the light of this research?

—Minerva in *British Medical Journal*

DELHI'S INITIATIVE

Electricity From Domestic Waste

● Delhi Administration with the assistance of the Department of Non-Conventional Energy Sources, Govt. of India is the first in the country to take the initiative to extract combustible gas and eventually generate electricity from a sanitary landfill at Timarpur. Landfills are used for disposing of municipal solid wastes.

● The process is simple. Using perforated pipes, a well is bored into a sanitary landfill and then a vacuum created at its bottom. The vacuum sucks the gas which is then fed into a nearby generator through pipes for producing electricity.

● Eight such wells have already been bored 200 feet apart from each other. One well is adequate for one acre of landfill to produce 100 kilowatts of electricity and thus ten acres can produce 1000 kilowatts (one Megawatt) of electricity. The Timarpur landfill is spread over about 80 acres and so has the potential to produce 8 Megawatts of electricity.

● The cost per well is approximately Rs 10 lakhs which includes installation of generators, compressor pumps and pipes.

● The cost of electricity so produced has been worked out to be just 10 Paise per unit as compared to about 60 Paise per unit through the conventional methods of power generation.

● At present there are about 50 landfills in use by different agencies like the MCD, DDA, NDMC and the Cantonment Board in Delhi. About 8000 tonnes of garbage is generated per day in the Union Territory of Delhi. This quantity is likely to double by the turn of the century.

● The gas is formed through bacterial action on garbage through fermentation process. This process is common in nature.

● The peak consumption of electricity in Delhi is 850 Megawatts per day and it is increasing at a rate of 15 per cent per annum.

● If the entire refuse of Delhi is systematically taken to the landfills, Delhi will have the potential to produce about 60 Megawatts of electricity a day which will be equal to about 8 per cent of the total peak demand. This per day generation can be further increased by 16 Megawatts annually. Electricity so produced can be fed into DESU's grid for distribution to consumers.

● A single landfill is sufficient for generating electricity for a minimum period of 10 years. After this the refuse can be taken out of the landfill and used as valuable manure. The emptied landfills can be refilled with urban waste and this cycle can continue indefinitely.

● At present the gas formed in the landfills is diffusing into the atmosphere and is polluting the environment. This new project would serve a dual purpose; help check pollution and keep the environment cleaner and also, to an extent, meet the growing electricity demand of the Capital.

If you have any ideas for augmenting the production of electricity through some other means, please write to

JAG PARVESH CHANDRA

Chief Executive Councillor



"All the while those nasty little tooth demons were just waiting to cause serious trouble to my teeth.

And as my mother explained to me, they were actually 'bacteria' getting together with food particles and 'releasing acids', which would then attack my 'tooth enamel'... bore little holes... and leave behind those painful cavities!

But I knew I was safe! I was armed with



My
Superfighter

FORHAN'S FLUORIDE.
It helps me win the war against cavities!



The fluoride in my Superfighter hardens my 'tooth enamel' so that 'bacteria' cannot get through and give me cavities.

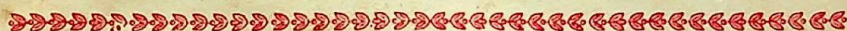
Thanks to my mother, I've learnt all about my tasty, foamy Superfighter.

In an attractive new pack!



Forhan's Fluoride
The Superfighter against cavities.

428/GM-173



The New Race for Antarctica

By JOHN DYSON

Dreams of riches hidden beneath the ice
could set off a dangerous international scramble
for the world's most peaceful continent

ON THIS overcrowded planet is an unblemished continent where the air is pure and the summer sun shines for long hours. But it's no Garden of Eden; the continent is Antarctica, the coldest, driest, windiest, highest, least accessible and most lifeless place on earth. Almost nothing grows; though there is fresh water enough—nearly 70 per cent of the entire world's supply—it is locked

in a cap of solid ice. Only official expeditions manage to survive, staffed mostly by scientists in research stations operated by 16 nations.

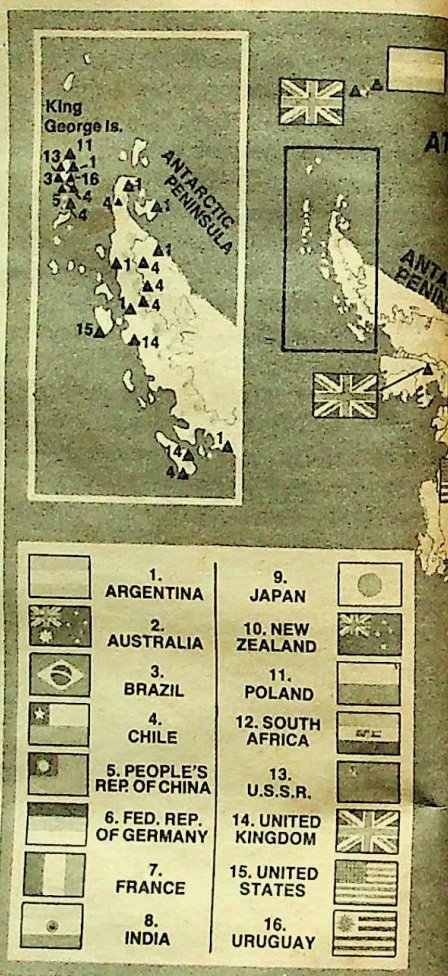
But this glimmering ice desert at the bottom of the world is a paradise in one sense. Here all mankind's dreams of worldly peace are realized. For 25 years now, Antarctica has been a nuclear-free and totally disarmed zone of peace under the umbrella

of a smooth-working treaty, which provides for two levels of involvement. Any nation that is a member of the United Nations, or any other country invited by the treaty parties can formally back the Antarctic Treaty by acceding to it; 32 have done so to date. Of these, only the 12 original treaty nations and those countries active in research there—currently 18*—can earn the status of "Treaty Consultative Party" and have a say in the running of the continent. They have already achieved a major success, by agreeing on ways to conserve Antarctica's marine life.

Mounting Pressure. However, this remarkable treaty is now threatened by materialistic dreams. Some non-member countries are foreseeing enormous profits from fabulous resources that may be waiting to be discovered under Antarctica's frozen lid—giant oil fields equal to Iran's, perhaps, or precious-metal deposits as rich as those in South Africa.

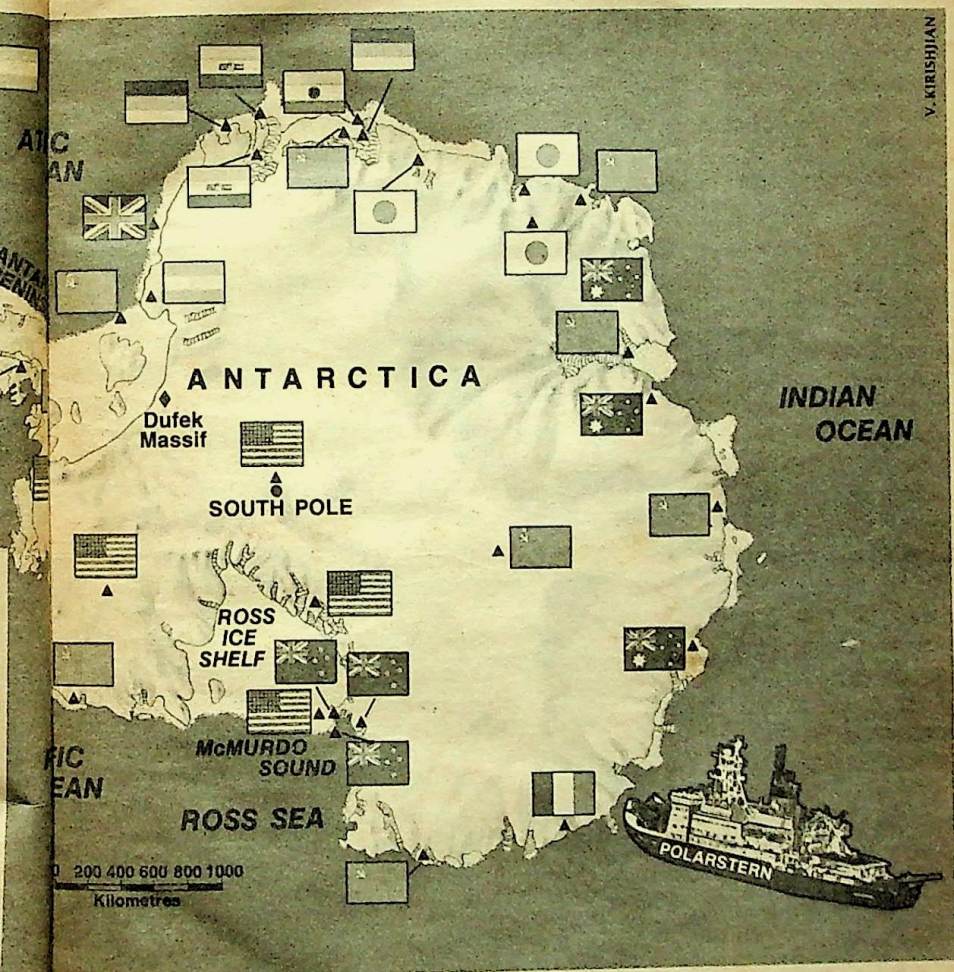
In fact, no exciting mineral discoveries have yet been made and the search for them has hardly started. But pressure is mounting over the question of how potential resources under the ice will be exploited and who will have the chance to get rich. Some countries are jockeying for position in

*USA, USSR, Great Britain, France, Norway, Belgium, Argentina, Chile, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Poland, India, Brazil, West Germany, People's Republic of China and Uruguay.



what might well become a new race for Antarctica.

● The time bomb of Antarctica is that the Treaty sidestepped the question of who owns what. Now, the 18 supervisory countries of



Antarctica are urgently trying to agree on a framework for deciding whether and how to develop any mineral wealth that might be discovered. At the same time many are strengthening their own re-

search programmes, building new stations, ice-breaker research ships and airfields.

• Observing this surge of activity and sensing that Antarctica is being parcelled out, other

countries such as the Netherlands and Italy are getting research started and thus will be entitled to a voice in the future of the continent.

● Malaysia is pressing for the Antarctic Treaty system to be accountable to the United Nations, and is seeking support from non-aligned countries. Some of them fear the spoils of the last untouched continent will be carved up and shared among a privileged few nations. They want the continent declared a "common heritage of mankind," like the seabed. "The exclusiveness and secretiveness of the Treaty cannot be tolerated," complains Dr Mahathir Mohamad, Prime Minister of Malaysia. "One fine day we may find the South Pole is made of solid gold and we will get none of it."

No Easy Answers. Collapse of the all-important treaty might well trigger uncontrolled drilling, mining and even tourism, which would be disastrous for the continent's delicate ecology. Worse, open conflict over minerals could turn the world's most successful experiment in peace into a battle ground.

Unhappily, no easy answers to the vital question of territorial rights are to be found in the continent's history. It was first circumnavigated two centuries ago by the British explorer Captain James Cook, but the first

sighting in 1820 is disputed between British, Russian and American ships. An American sealer is thought to have been first to set foot on the ice; the French were first to plant a flag; Norwegians first to reach the South Pole and Americans first to fly there. Norwegians were first to brave a winter on the continent; the British first to cross it, and in 1978 the son of a couple at an Argentine station was first to be born on it.

By 1943 seven countries had claimed wedge-shaped slices of the Antarctic pie, all but Norway's extending to the South Pole. Australia's claim to nearly half the continent is by far the largest. New Zealand claims the sector in which the United States has established its main station at McMurdo Sound. And a potentially explosive situation exists in the area of the Antarctic Peninsula, where claims of Great Britain, Chile and Argentina overlap.

The peninsula is important because it juts into relatively ice-free waters near the tip of South America. King George Island, at the easily accessible tip of the peninsula, is the site of seven different stations including the East Germans, who share a Soviet base.

The Antarctic Treaty puts territorial claims into limbo by providing that no activities may "constitute a basis for asserting, sup-

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porting or denying a claim." Thus President Pinochet of Chile, for example, could kiss the soil of Antarctica and make impassioned speeches without the rival claimants declaring war. When the Argentines responded by staging a Cabinet meeting on the ice, no offence was caused. And when armed conflict broke out between Britain and Argentina over the Falkland Islands in 1982, delegates from each country continued discussing joint Antarctic interests at the same conference table.

Fair Dealing. Against this background, the 18 Consultative Parties are trying to find a way of handling the tensions of developing, exploiting and sharing any ice-locked mineral riches. All countries involved are keenly aware that an even-handed agreement can be reached only as long as they are ignorant of the continent's true commercial value.

Adding to the uncertainty is a dangerous misconception that the Treaty terminates in 1991. "This is rubbish," asserts Walter Seelig of the US Antarctic Research Programme. "The Treaty states clearly that it *may* be reviewed after 30 years, but only at the request of all the Consultative Parties."

Meanwhile, a growing number of supply ships, ice-breakers and research vessels thrusts into the drifting pack-ice every summer to reach the isolated scientific sta-

tions. US and Soviet activities have always been roughly comparable, and the superpowers have so far remained largely aloof from the new push. But other countries long active in Antarctica are digging in with bold new ventures.

Japan has established a third permanent research station and has built a large new ice-breaker. Australia has chartered a German vessel fitted to carry both cargo and passengers and may also consider an air link. France is planning an airstrip to provide summer access by plane. In the peninsula area, Britain increased her funds after the Falklands conflict; Argentina and Chile, lacking money for sophisticated science, are racing to establish communities with schools, shops and churches. Chile has opened the continent's first lodge for visitors and is intent on developing "a gateway city for a coming era of mining and tourism." Argentina flamboyantly stage-manages weddings, births and festivals—though only a handful of military families posted to the small and desolate bases are involved.

West Germany's entrance has been nothing less than phenomenal. Acceding to the Treaty only in 1979, becoming a Consultative Party two years later, she now nearly rivals the superpowers in research effort with

one wintering-over and three summer stations on the ice, two aircraft and the \$67.8 million ice-breaker *Polarstern*, one of the most sophisticated research vessels afloat.

Strange Twist. Other countries are setting up research programmes that will qualify them for membership of the inner circle of Consultative Parties. During the 1984-85 season an expedition from the People's Republic of China set up its first station, Great Wall, in Antarctica, complete with post office to profit from the global craze for collecting Antarctic stamps. Uruguay also established a first small camp. In October 1985, both countries became consultative parties. An Italian expedition explored from December 1985 to February 1986, the area of the Terra Nova Bay for a site suitable for a station. Not to be left out, Dutch scientists are doing research in laboratories housed in containers that can be sent aboard the *Polarstern*, and others such as Sweden may follow suit.

It's no surprise that countries on the outside, especially some in the Third World, suspect they are missing out. In vain the Treaty parties point out that the Treaty works perfectly; and that it is not exclusive: any acceding country can get a seat at the conference table as an observer and can become a voting member by

doing substantial research, which need not be expensive.

India boldly sent a 21-man expedition at the cost of only \$1.75 million in the 1981-82 season (so far five expeditions have visited the icy continent); then in 1983, she acceded to the Treaty and became a Consultative Party. "Our Antarctic research operations cost about \$5 million a year, and we now have a permanently-manned year-round station in Antarctica," says Dr S.Z. Qasim, chief of India's Antarctic programme.

The strangest twist to the whole controversy is that nothing of significant commercial value has been found in Antarctica. In fact, one Soviet station was recently built close to coal deposits so thick that chunks can be knocked out with chisels, but when John Behrendt of the US Geological Survey asked if they would use the coal for heat, the Soviets laughed. "It's cheaper and easier for them to bring fuel oil from the top of the world to the bottom," he reports.

Ultimate Gift. Even if starry-eyed predictions of fabulous wealth come true, the difficulties of unlocking the ice can hardly be imagined. The valuable minerals would be buried beneath countless billions of tonnes of creeping ice. Sinking a mine shaft to reach the bedrock—let alone the minerals—would be

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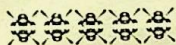
like tunnelling into honey because ice becomes viscous under the pressure of its own weight.

The only exploitable mineral in the foreseeable future is offshore oil. Geological clues point to vast sedimentary basins in the continental shelves under the ice, but the economics of production are daunting.

The future of the fragile pact thus depends on whether the question of how these potential re-

sources are to be managed is decided before the first drilling ship shows up looking for oil. To prevent an international free-for-all from ravaging this virgin territory, it is essential that the parties stand firm against outside pressures and allow the remarkable Treaty to evolve.

The pristine continent's ultimate gift to mankind may not be oil or gold but riches of a more important kind—a blueprint for world peace.



Changing Perspectives

As we reach old age we find ourselves mysteriously compelled to play a character part. However, we need not identify ourselves with it. I don't. So, to my surprise, I hear myself making those odd noises—loud hums and ha's and throat clearings—that I used to find so irritating in old people. I catch myself moving more slowly and heavily than I need to do. At any time now, I feel, the character part will make me begin a patronizing and intolerable speech with "My dear boy, when you're my age you'll realize..." Yet inside, behind all this histrionic rubbish, I shall be little different from what I have been for the last 60 years.

—J.B. Priestley, *Outries and Asides*

Reviving the Custom

START with Japan's emphasis on formalities. Throw in the country's faith in electronic gadgets. The result is one of the latest in personnel training: a machine that teaches the age-old custom of bowing.

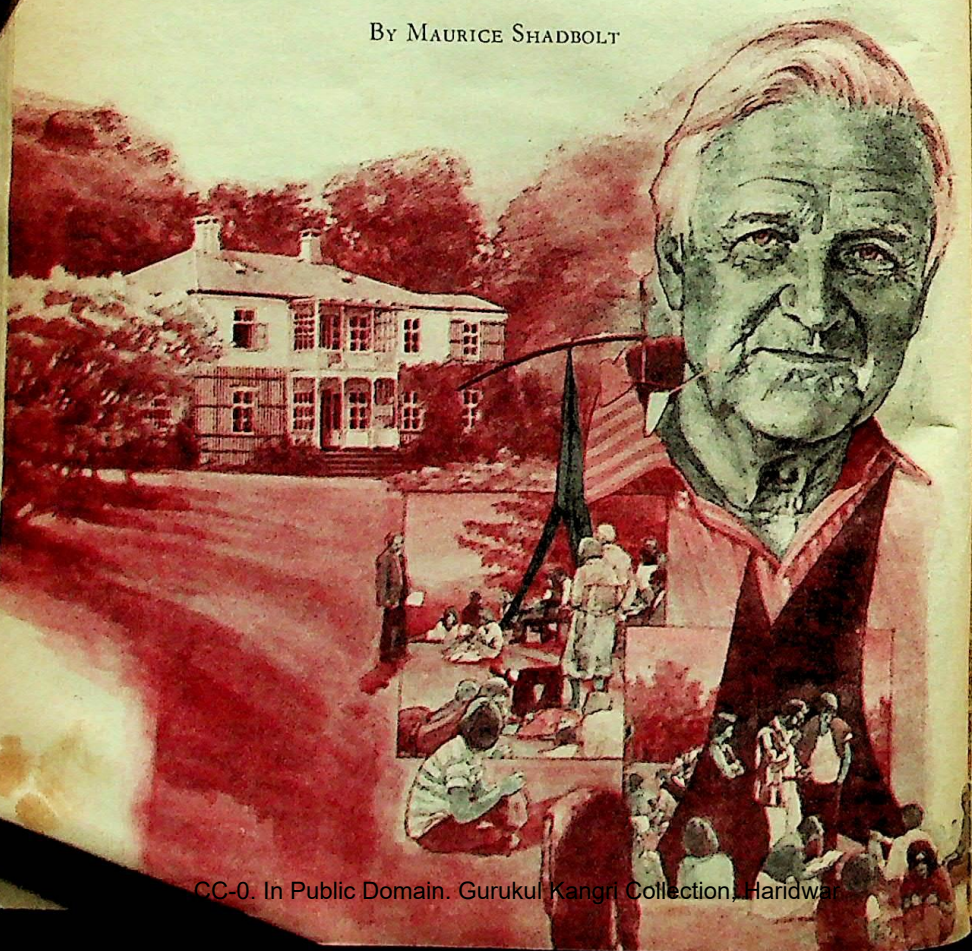
The development is the work of an Osaka-based department store that's trying to maintain its appeal to customers by putting the backbone back into the manners of its employees. Good bowing is a matter of form. A casual dip of the upper torso or nod of the head is far from adequate. The back and the neck should be kept straight so that the only movement comes from the waist.

The bowing machine monitors the bowers' posture and the degree of their bows. A panel of lights in view of the bowers tells them and their supervisor whether the incline is too shallow, too deep or just right.

—William Schwartz in *The Asian Wall Street Journal*, Hong Kong

The Louisiana: Knud Jensen's Dream Museum Come True

By MAURICE SHADBOLT



Perched on a hill above a small Danish port
lies one of Europe's finest art centres.
Once dismissed as the eccentric vision
of an impish cheese exporter, today
it may become the standard by which
museums are judged

DENMARK'S bewitching Louisiana museum has a fairy-tale quality. Overlooking the village of Humlebaek about 30 kilometres from Copenhagen, the Louisiana combines the features of a grand old villa with the wonders of a modern art museum.

My introduction to the place seemed typical of its casual climate. I telephoned from Copenhagen and asked to speak to the museum's founder, Knud Jensen. "It's all a shambles out here," said the switchboard operator. "We're celebrating the Louisiana's 25th birthday. Mr Jensen's everywhere and nowhere, as usual. Why don't you just come out and join the celebration?"

A little later I crossed the cobblestone court of the handsome 19th-century manor, passing creepered walls and a striking Henry Moore sculpture, and found myself in the midst of the long-running festival of life and art

called the Louisiana. Among hundreds of guests that day, I made luminous voyages with art lapping gently around.

In many of the world's museums, the atmosphere is cold, the furnishings are comfortless and art bombards us from every side. But not at the Louisiana. Two wings emerge from the brick manor house; one terminates in an airy restaurant, the other in a restful reading-room. Both have terraces with refreshing panoramas of fishing boats and pleasure craft on The Sound, the strait of water separating us from Sweden, some 20 kilometres away. I saw families picnicking on the large lawns, children scrambling aboard sculptures, lovers walking hand in hand and old men puffing their pipes and gazing at mobiles flip-flopping in the sea breeze.

Within, there is never visual exhaustion either. The works of the human spirit—a sculpture here, a painting there—never overpowered; all seems framed

with light and leaf, due to wide windows and glass-panelled corridors. My eyes moved from a Giacometti sculpture to a view outdoors of swans sailing across a willow-fringed lake; from a Picasso painting to a drift of sunlight over a flowering magnolia.

Then the reverse happened. Antic Max Ernst sculptures, set outside in the vegetation, peered in at me like woodland sprites; mythological Scandinavian creatures, fashioned from stone by the Dane Henry Heerup, swarmed through fern up to the windows. Playful creations by Andy Warhol, Jean Tinguely* or Jean Dubuffet were among the 500 works that contributed to the museum's exhilarating atmosphere.

Knud Jensen, the 69-year-old founder of the Louisiana, is a silver-haired, puckish businessman. An only son, Knud inherited his father's cheese exporting and powdered-milk business. Actually, he aspired to a career in the arts, so by day he talked money with merchants and farmers, by night he talked philosophy with poets and painters. His love of literature inspired him to help found a small publishing house and a distinguished literary magazine, and to buy Denmark's oldest publishing company.

Then, in the 1950s, Knud wor-

ked with other Copenhagen businessmen on an idealistic enterprise called Art in the Workplace. Modern paintings were hung in factories and large offices. Often there was mockery of the shows. There were more complaints, however, when exhibitions ended. "Where's *our* art?" workers protested.

Proving a Point. Knud agreed, insisting that art should be involved with society, not removed from it. He became an unpopular cultural maverick in Copenhagen when on a radio interview he criticized the Danish Royal Museum of Fine Arts for shutting art away from the everyday. "The trouble with such vast, chilly institutions with their columns, marble staircases, murky alcoves, is that they intimidate the public rather than illuminate," he said. "Put art out in a park. Take it to people."

"What does a cheese merchant know about these things?" angry museum administrators asked. But Knud was determined to prove his point.

One day his opportunity arrived. In November 1954, while walking his dog along the coast, he discovered a once-grand villa, now empty and dilapidated. It looked like the setting for a fairy tale. Knud was spellbound. He learnt that its name, the Louisiana, came from a 19th-century Danish gentleman who married three

*See "Jean Tinguely, Artist of the Machine", Reader's Digest, March 1985.

women in succession, all called Louise. Local authorities now had the land marked for use as a sewage treatment plant, old people's home and graveyard.

Knud decided that art needed this haunting wilderness more and purchased the villa and surrounding four hectares. He cleared up the house and installed a modest collection of Danish paintings—then put the key to the place under the doormat. People were welcome to enjoy the paintings and atmosphere at leisure, so long as they replaced the key. "I just wanted," he explains, "to be seen as a slightly eccentric country uncle with a bit of art on show."

Unexpected Hazards. Then, in 1956, an American company bought the family cheese business. Knud could now support his other love in style. While architects and builders expanded the Louisiana building, Knud began stocking it with more contemporary Danish art. He knew his scheme would be a success from the day he noticed that workmen were returning on week-ends with their families to picnic on the site.

Within days of its formal opening in the summer of 1958, the Louisiana was welcoming thousands of visitors. However, not everyone was impressed: giving rein to contemporary artists had unexpected hazards, leading the Louisiana to be called "Circusarama," and worse. Knud

remained undeterred. "Art exists to extend human awareness," he insists, "to help people think for themselves. Above all, to *see* for themselves. Art depends on visual curiosity, especially the more difficult art of our time. Creating that curiosity, helping people to use their eyes, is what a museum should be about. If people are given the chance to encounter art on the way to something else or as part of something larger, casually, as an everyday experience, they might be more open to what it offers."

He expanded the museum's role, making it available for concerts, plays, forums and festivals. There is even a Louisiana Chamber Orchestra with a regular programme. Interspersed with shows of modern art are archaeological and anthropological exhibitions such as the treasures of long-buried Pompeii, or bronzes and terra-cotta soldiers* from a Chinese emperor's tomb. Knud even commissioned sculptors to create a children's playground with tree houses, a dizzying slide, a Huckleberry Finn raft and a sliced-up schooner. And admission is low for adults and free for children.

Dream Come True. As Knud's pockets have emptied, the Danish government, foundations and individual benefactors have

*See "The Emperor's Terra-Cotta Army," Reader's Digest, November 1980.

helped finance extensions and purchases of artwork. But the most prized backing has come from artists themselves. Charmed by the Louisiana, they have slashed prices or donated their work. Before his death in 1966, sculptor Alberto Giacometti delivered one of his most impressive works to the museum. The price? Whatever the museum could afford. Other well-known artists such as Pierre Alechinsky, Sam Francis and Alexander Calder have also either donated works or sold them below market price.

One of Denmark's most celebrated modern writers, the late Isak Dinesen, once said to Knud prophetically, "You are the kind of man whose dreams come true." Nearly 30 years later, watching crowds flow past paintings, wan-

dering among the sculptures in the Louisiana grounds, listening to the resident orchestra play, Knud recalls those words and asks himself: *Do I still dream or is it true?*

It is true. Today Knud still plays "the eccentric country uncle with a bit of art on show." But, in fact, his collection of 20th-century art is one of Europe's finest, and with his full-time staff of some 50 employees (not one a museum professional) he now entertains half a million or more visitors a year.

No wonder, for the self-enhancing Louisiana makes it almost impossible to be content with conventional museums again. If I had my way, I would liberate all the world's great works of art and let them sing again in Knud Jensen's dream museum at Humlebaek by the sea.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Who's Who

HUSBAND: a person who thinks that he bosses the house when actually he only houses the boss.

—*Eastern Tit Bits*, Madras

Necessities

BRITISH author Malcolm Muggeridge writing in 1936:

If I believed that the soldier who killed in defence of his and my country, or the sailor patrolling the coasts within which I live, was performing a shameful act, I should first dispense with their protection—that is renounce my nationality; then renounce the possessions they enable me to keep. Only then should I be in a position to preach the abomination of all warfare, and to pledge myself never to take up arms. It is hypocrisy for me to dissociate myself from armaments which enforce domestic order and prevent invasion, and so enable me, within limits, to live my life in my own way. In peace my citizenship brings me benefits, in war responsibilities. I cannot have one without the other.

—Ian Hunter, *Malcolm Muggeridge: A Life*



A brief chronicle
of chicanery

Of Scamps and Scalawags

BY LEO ROSTEN

WHO IS not much more fascinated (though we never admit it) by tales about cunning scoundrels than by stories about the virtuous and the law-abiding? My own affection for rogues was born when I was 13. My father and I were strolling along a busy street in Chicago, when a cheerful, chubby man in front of a men's clothing store thrust his arm out to my father, crying, "Step inside, mister! I have for you a magnificent suit! Fantastic sale! Today only!!"

My father said, "No, thanks." We did not even pause. I glanced back. The eloquent salesman had grabbed another man's arm and

was steering him towards the store, talking enthusiastically.

"Those Drubeck brothers," my father chuckled. "Three boys they put through college already—by pretending to be deaf." He dispelled the mystery of this remark as we walked on. It seems that whenever one of the Drubecks succeeded in coaxing a man into their shop, he swiftly persuaded him to try on a jacket and examine its fit in a three-sided mirror, all the while extolling the garment's virtues. The man would finally ask, "How much is it?"

The Drubeck put a hand to his ear. "Huh? What did you say?"

"How much is this suit?" re-

peated the customer, much louder. "Ah..." sighed Drubeck. "Excuse me, my hearing is terrible. I'll ask the boss." Turning to the back of the store, where his brother sat behind a roll-top desk, the salesman yelled, "Mis-ter *Dru*-beck, how much is this beautiful all-wool suit?"

"The boss" stood up, glanced at the customer, and called back, "That gorgeous garment? Forty-two dollars!"

The salesman cupped his ear, "How much?"

"For—ty—two—dollars!" shouted "the boss."

The salesman turned to the customer, beaming, "Twenty-two dollars." The customer could hardly wait to hurry out with his unrightful bargain.

The beauty of this trick is that the deceit of the "deaf" Drubeck was matched by the heinous acceptance of the customer.

I think of the Drubeck brothers whenever I hear of some new and choice piece of chicanery. Some years ago in Los Angeles, a newspaper carried this advertisement in its *Personal* column:

LAST DAY TO SEND
IN YOUR DOLLAR!

—Box 443

Thousands of gullible people *ru*-shed to send in their dollar. The genius who was "Box 443" ran this ad once a month or so.

The lustre of this swindle lay in its purity: *nothing* was promised to

the yokels who mailed in their dollar. They did not even receive a post card of thanks. Should you be planning to repeat this crafty gyp, let me douse the fires of your greed. In time, an investigator from the US Post Office called upon the reprobate who was Box 443. "But I did not promise them anything," the shameless gent smiled.

"A promise was clearly implied," said the postal detective, so the story goes. "And since you never gave anyone who mailed in a dollar a quid pro quo, you were clearly misrepresenting." So it was that Box 443, a unique creative talent, disappeared from California's cultural scene.

Another clever scam was the producer of a terrible play who opened his theatrical failure on Broadway one December 30. The newspaper reviews, on December 31, were devastating. The cunning producer ran this ad—on January 2:

SECOND YEAR ON
BROADWAY!

I climax this brief chronicle of chicanery with the tale of a beautiful girl who was poised to jump from a dock in lower Manhattan, when a passing sailor rushed up and pulled her off the piling. "How can you *think* of doing such a terrible thing?" he admonished.

In broken English, she sobbed, "I many month in New York. No job. No money. I want go home.

wearily to his wife, "I told you this would happen once we let them outnumber us." —Debobroto Gorai, Calcutta

ON A recent plane trip, I noted the usual passenger apathy as the attendants gave their safety message at the beginning of the flight. That is, until a voice came over the intercom: "Ladies and gentlemen, as the song says, there may be fifty ways to leave your lover, but I guarantee you there are only seven exits from this aircraft. So listen." And—after the laughter subsided—we did! —C.C.

OUR CHURCH was looking for a new clergyman and the selection committee finally recommended a young man just out of the seminary. Many older church members protested that a more experienced man would have been preferable. Committee members retaliated with the argument that a younger man might breathe fresh life into the congregation.

At the end of the meeting, I commented to an older man that this marked the beginning of better things for our church. "Yes," he said with a wry smile. "Moving on to greener pastors." —Jerry Riggs

FOR MANY years I was a writer working out of my home. Like any writer, I spent much time at the post office where the staff got to know me well. Years after we moved away, we returned for a reunion.

As the crowd mingled trying to put names to half-forgotten faces, a member of the post office staff approached me. For a moment he struggled to recall the name, then his years of training paid off. "Hello!" he cried.

"If it isn't Box 112!"

—Ina Bruns, Canada

IN MY JOB I have a gruelling schedule and a lot of pressure, so when I was offered the opportunity to attend a stress-reduction seminar, I quickly accepted.

However, I realized the seminar was not the answer when the instructor arrived late, out of breath, and announced, "In order to accommodate everyone's busy schedule, this five day-seminar will be speeded up and completed in two days."

—K. McCullough

I LOVE old things and one day, while browsing in an antique shop, I found some blue and yellow canisters that were perfect for my kitchen. The proprietor told me that they had been made on a pottery wheel in 1930 by an old lady who had never left the farm. Pleased, I picked up the smallest canister to look at it more closely and was shocked to find "Made in Japan" stamped on the bottom.

"Well," the flustered antique dealer said, "maybe she *did* leave the farm once." —S. Price

A DISPLAY board at my dentist's office is covered with letters and drawings by his younger patients. One patient decided to write a note of his own. A few days later, smack in the middle of drawings and letters, this note done in green crayon appeared:

"Dear Dr Perr,

Thank you for taking such good care of my teeth. I am already 63 years old, and, thanks to you still have three of my own left.

I love you, Morton."

—W.H.



For many of the terrified people aboard hijacked TWA Flight 847 in June 1985, the chief stewardess made the difference between life and death. "But," insists Uli Derickson in this personal account of those harrowing hours...

"I'm No Heroine"

By ULI DERICKSON AS TOLD TO JIM CALIO

WE HAD JUST taken off from Athens at about 10am on Friday, June 14, and I was putting on my smock to serve champagne to the first-class passengers. Suddenly I was slammed against the cockpit door. Someone kicked me in the chest, and I felt the muzzle of a gun at my left temple.

Two men, very excited, were shouting Arabic at me. I said, "I can speak German." One of the hijackers replied in flawless German, "Open the door. We come to die." The other was holding grenades, the pins removed and clenched between

his teeth.

I didn't have the key to the cockpit, and the hijackers started banging and kicking at the door. "Captain," I shouted. "Open up!" Suddenly the door flew back, knocking a grenade pin out of the hijacker's mouth. Instinctively I picked it up and put it back between his teeth.

In the cockpit they said, "Beirut. Beirut," but they spoke almost no English, just "Americans—god-damned sons of bitches." I was translating everything from German, and the hijackers were beating the flight-engineer, Benjamin Zimmermann,

with a pistol. Captain John Testrake said, "Okay we're going to Beirut, but we have to get flight clearance." They said, "No. You fly to Beirut with a map." So we did. We went into a steep, banking 180-degree turn, and all the time one hijacker had his pistol cocked and the safety off. He'd release the hammer sometimes and you'd hear it. *Click Click.*

The crew wanted to see if we had fuel to reach Beirut, and the hijackers said, "It doesn't matter. Go until the fuel runs out." Every time co-pilot Philip Maresca picked up a mike, they threatened him with a gun. I was crying and shaking, and the German-speaker said, "What are you nervous about? I'm not going to hurt you."

Ordeal Begins. The hijackers cleared out first class and put everyone back in the economy section. They put the strong-looking men near the windows (so they couldn't be overpowered by them) and the women and children on the aisles. The rest of the passengers and cabin crew were forced to go to the back of the plane and sit on the floor. I was the only cabin-crew member allowed to walk around, although always with a hijacker. When I went back to the cabin, the seats looked empty, because people had been told to put their hands behind their necks and bend over. Yet I knew 134 terrified people were

huddled there.

We flew that way to Beirut, an hour and 45 minutes. When we landed—we're trained to negotiate a release—I suggested that we let all the women go. No. I said please, at least the older women and the children. I knew the Arabs have a respect for family. Finally they would let off some women and children.

I inflated the emergency slide and put people on it. I told them to run for their lives. There was a little girl asleep in her mother's arms. "Please let the mother and child go." Not the mother, he said. And I said, "You can't let this four-year-old get off in Beirut without her mother." "All right, mother too."

We unhooked the slide, closed the door, and took off to an unknown destination. When we were in the air again, they told us, Algiers. *Oh, my God*, I said to myself, *that's four hours away.*

Segregation. Now they started collecting passports. They were especially interested in the US military men who were carrying only green identification cards. When they found a red "official" passport belonging to Kurt Carlson—a major in the US Army Reserve on active duty for West Asian projects—they called him up to first class. Carlson wanted me to explain that he was in the Reserve. "The less you say, the better," I told him. The hijacker

wanted to know what "official" passport meant. I said, "Oh, it could mean a lot of things—a special trip."

Robert Stethem was called up; he said he was in the Navy. The hijacker started talking about the battleship *New Jersey* that bombarded the hills near Beirut in 1984. They brought up Clinton Suggs and two others with short military haircuts and identification cards.

Next they had us separate the Americans from the others, then all the women from the men.

When we got to Algiers, at 4, maybe 5pm, the hijackers got very upset. The Algerians were stalling about fuelling the plane. The ground crew wanted to get paid for the fuel. They were screaming for cash or a credit card, and the hijackers were threatening to kill one passenger every five minutes if we didn't get fuel. The co-pilot shouted that we don't carry a card. So I ran back to the cabin and asked, "Does anyone have a credit card?" Then I thought, *What's wrong with me? I've got one myself.* So I gave it to them. They put 23,000 litres of jet fuel on my card, about \$5,500 worth.

We took off again for Beirut. One of the hijackers was running up and down the aisle. Once, when a woman turned her head, he jumped in the air and landed on her—shattering her glasses in her face.

The German-speaker asked me

to identify the Jewish passengers. I told him that US passports did not reveal religion. "You mean you can't tell who's an Israeli?" he asked me. I told him there were no Israelis aboard. Then he said, "Pick out all the Jews." I replied, "There is no way I can find this out for you." He grabbed the passenger list and made me read the names. The hijackers singled out seven or eight passengers from the list, along with four military people.

Torture Chamber. Next a hijacker summoned Robert Stethem to first class. He took out a razor blade and cut his vest into strips to blindfold Stethem. Then he took a thick elastic cord from a suitcase cart to tie Stethem's hands very high behind his back, so tight they turned white. They dragged Stethem to the cockpit door and beat him with an armrest ripped off the flight engineer's seat. They were jumping in the air and landing full force on his body, and they put the mike up to his face so his screams could be heard by the outside world. Then they dragged him over to a seat.

Kurt Carlson was called next, and they did the same thing to him. I was urging Stethem to hang on. He was in tremendous pain. I kept saying to the German-speaking hijacker, "Can I untie his hands? We're co-operating with you." He said, "No. He's just an American pig." I kept asking.

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Finally he let me untie Stethem.

After they finished with Carlson, they told me to feed the passengers omelets. But hardly anyone could eat them—even though this was the first hot food we had had in 12 hours.

Prayer Break. Suddenly the hijackers wanted to know which way was east. They had almost beaten two people to death, and now they wanted to pray. They put paper towels down in the first-class section so they could pray on a clean floor.

After that, they asked me if I would sing. They wanted to hear songs popularized by a German named Freddy Quinn, who sings about being homesick. When I sang *Heimatlos* ("Without a Homeland"), one said, "That's just like the Lebanese people." It was the first time I saw him show any emotion.

They talked about the Bible and the Koran. "The world will be Muslim, you know. We will all be Muslim." I asked them what they wanted from the hijacking. They said the Israelis must free 700 of their prisoners.

When we got close to Beirut, they started beating Suggs. I had had enough. I grabbed the hijacker who was doing the beating and told him to stop. I then put myself between Suggs and the hijacker, and took Suggs back to his seat.

The airport at Beirut was barri-

caded, and the tower wouldn't let us land. The hijackers got angry. One of them shouted, "We are coming in." He told Captain Tetrake to circle until his fuel ran out, before coming in for a landing. "Uli," the captain said. "Prepare the passengers for an emergency landing."

I thought I was going to die, that I would never see my husband, Russell, and our seven-year-old son again. *Lord, I prayed, please let Matthew grow up to be a strong and good man.* Then I became very calm.

Just after I spotted the runway taxi lights, the plane pulled up into a steep banking circle over the field. The captain's voice came over the loudspeaker, as cool as could be, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, it will be a normal landing."

The hijackers also made me announce that there would be a noise after we landed, but that the passengers should stay in their seats.

We landed on Friday just before midnight. By this time I was sitting at the back of the plane. The curtain to first class had been pulled so nobody could see what was going on. Minutes after the plane landed, the hijackers shot Robert Stethem. A few minutes later one of them walked down the aisle singing in Arabic. I think it was a victory song.

Reinforcements! After we had

béen on the ground for about ten minutes, I heard a tremendous noise from the back of the plane. I had my head down like all the other passengers, but I could see military fatigues. Men were running right by me carrying weapons. I thought, *The Israelis have come to save us!* I lifted my head to look, and got whacked on the neck. It was the Amal militia—the political and military arm of the Shiite Muslims in Lebanon. They had taken over the airport. I realized that the hijackers must have known before we landed.

Once on board the Amal tried to reassure everybody. One said, "We're not here to hurt you. We are human beings, like you. It is the American government, not you. We will not hurt you."

Each militiaman had an "A" tattooed on his left upper arm. They had machine-guns, revolvers, and knives in their boots. All were young and well groomed.

A few passengers were taken off the plane. I didn't see Clinton Suggs or Kurt Carlson so I assumed they were off. Richard Herzberg, one of the passengers singled out as Jewish, was taken to a seat behind me and interrogated. "I'm German," he said. The hijackers replied, "Well, speak German." Herzberg said, "I'm of German descent," and they shoved him down the stairs off the plane. I'll never forget the look of desperation in his eyes.

Then we took off, again for Algiers. There were now a dozen terrorists on board, the two hijackers plus ten Amal militia. The Amal sat in the back and chatted with us in English. One was a jeweller, another had a car agency. They were guys with legitimate businesses and now they were guarding us on a hijacked plane!

One hijacker told me that they had people in Europe and even in America. He said that their ultimate goal was to blow up the White House, as they did the US Marine barracks in Beirut.

We got to Algiers about 9am, Saturday, and just sat there. I had been hearing about Ali Atwa, the third hijacker who had been left behind in Athens and later arrested at the airport. One of the hijackers' demands was that the Greek government free him, which they did. The Amal assured me that when Atwa arrived in Algiers, they would let me off. But it was a long, long wait.

While we were on the ground, the hijackers called the male passengers up to the first-class section, then the women. They stripped everyone of money and jewellery. After that, they brought on our first real meal: chicken and rice. We served the passengers, and even the Amal, who were very polite.

When Ali Atwa got to the airport, they told me I could go. I still had on my smock, but I put

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"I'M NO HEROINE"

my jacket on over it; I wanted to walk off in full uniform. Before I went, I was called to the cockpit. There, the German-speaking hijacker was waving a .357 Magnum at me. He made me sing more German songs.

Then I was told to get off the plane. At the bottom of the stairs I pleaded with a guard to let the other four cabin crew leave with me. "Okay," he said eventually. "But not until Atwa is in the terminal." So I got back on the plane. It was another two and a half hours before Atwa's arrival was confirmed and the Amal let me, the other attendants and ten women passengers go.

We went to the US embassy, where we had refreshments and cleaned up a little. Afterwards we

were returned to the airport for a special flight to London. As we took off, the pilot circled the airport. It was dusk, and we could see our plane sitting on the runway. It looked very lonely out there all by itself.

Thirty-nine of Flight 847's passengers and crew were held another 15 days before their release. On July 10, Uli returned to work at TWA.

RECENTLY I had lunch with some friends from Israel. I told them that I felt as if I had been given a second life. They said that after you've been through an ordeal like that, you get to add an extra word to your name. The word is *baya* and it means "life." So now I'm Uli- *baya*.

*Name Game*

WHY DID actress Brooke Shields say "no" when James Bond proposed?

She didn't want to be called Brooke Bond. —C. Rai Singh, Jullundur

Cattle Identification

NOSEPRINTS of cattle can be used for identification purposes in the same way as fingerprints. Brigadier Phillip Putter, a South African fingerprint expert explains: "I compared the noseprints of 315 animals and discovered that every noseprint could be distinguished from the next by using the fingerprint technique. After that, I made more than 10,000 comparisons. Not one print was found to be identical with another."

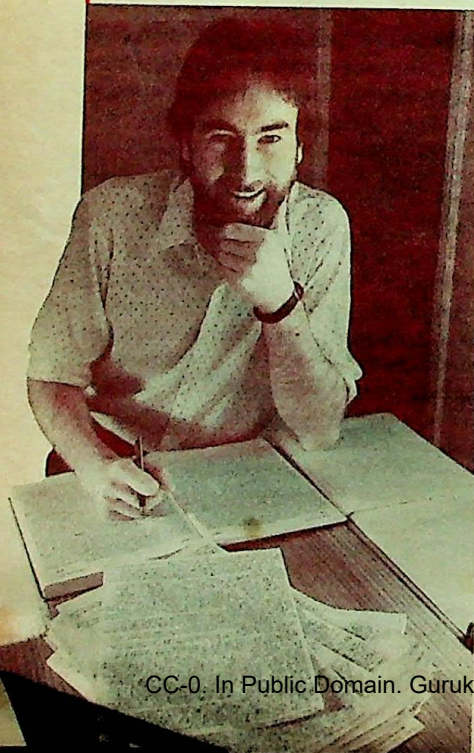
Existing cattle identification methods such as branding, earmarking and tatoos are unsatisfactory because they can be duplicated, are painful and there is always the risk of infection. The noseprint identification system could be invaluable in legal circumstances when the identity and ownership of valuable animals is involved. It is also useful in proper herd management.

—South African Panorama

Remember It— in Words

On the rewards,
great and small, of
keeping diary

By JERRY CAMBRIDGE



IT WAS close to midnight after a convivial evening with friends. At last I rose to my feet and excused myself. "It's time I was going. I've an appointment to keep."

"An appointment?" questioned John.

"With my diary."

"You keep a diary? Whatever for?"

IT ALL began in the summer of 1980. Working as a temporary barman at a remote hotel, I was far from friends, exhausted from overwork, depressed and unhappy. I took refuge in my diary. Into it, night after night, no matter how tired I felt, went all my woes. I used it to analyse why I was in that position—and what I could do to help myself.

The effect was extraordinary. Distanced on paper, my troubles shrank to their true size. I was able to regard them objectively, see how temporary they were. Later, when things improved, I found it difficult *not* to keep a diary. It had become a part of my life.

But diary writing is far more than a way of exorcizing one's unhappiness. These days, my diary provides daily discipline for my current work as a writer. It helps me plan ahead. And in happy spells it acts as a buttress against time, a means of preserving joy. For example, my scribbling during a month spent travelling through

Greece with a rucksack will always remind me of the white blaze of island villages against a pure blue sky, and the young girl on Corfu giving me oranges.

What's more, barring accident, a diary will last practically forever—which is perhaps why some diarists place such importance on these little scraps of autobiography. Think of the 13-year-old Anne Frank who, to escape Nazi persecution, spent two years from 1942 hiding with her family and four other Jews in the secret back rooms of an Amsterdam office building.

Burglars broke into the building one night in 1944, attracting the police, and a member of her group suggested they burn her diary, lest it fall into the wrong hands. "Not my diary!" she cried. "If my diary goes, I go with it!" Sadly, Anne Frank did not survive the Nazi occupation. But her diary—a testament to the horror of oppression—remains and has since sold more than ten million copies worldwide.

Diary writing is no recent innovation. One early approximation to a diary comes from 1350, when a 21-year-old Irish scribe jotted down some worried notes about his health on the edge of a legal manuscript now held in Trinity College, Dublin. Today the habit of diary-keeping encompasses anyone from writers to naturalists, politicians to clergymen,

taking in farmers' wives, generals, teenagers and religious mystics.

Home Truths. One needn't go to the lengths of 74-year-old historian Edward Robb Ellis of New York, whose diaries, begun in 1927, now contain an estimated 16 million words. Nor do you need fame, riches or experience of the world. All that counts is to be yourself—and honest. "It's rather like using a loofah," says diarist Nigel Nicolson whose father Harold wrote one of the great political diaries of the inter-war years. "It hurts a bit, but one feels more vigorous as a result."

This quality of sincerity often makes a diary fascinating to read later. Oscar Wilde thought so. "I never travel without my diary," he wrote. "One should always have something sensational to read in the train."

Wilde would doubtless have approved of James Boswell's diaries. Scotsman Boswell, the biographer of Samuel Johnson,* left diaries which, hidden away for reasons of family discretion, remained unpublished for more than 130 years after his death. They would have scandalized his contemporaries: he records virtually all his romantic conquests in London, from fashionable ladies to women of the streets.

A diary can also unwittingly prove a unique historical docu-

*See "My Most Unforgettable Character: Dr Samuel Johnson," Reader's Digest, January 1986.

ment. Think of Samuel Pepys, that great English diarist and Secretary to the Admiralty. His sparkling, bawdy, touching record of the nine years from 1660 to 1669, written in shorthand, gives an incomparably vivid picture of everything from the trivia of daily life to such momentous events as the coronation of Charles II.

Take his eyewitness account of the Great Fire of London in 1666, written as destruction threatened his own home: "We saw the fire as only one entire arch from this to the other side of the bridge... and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin."

Off the Record. Not that a diary need be sensational or momentous. Far from it. Yet I try to make my own more than a mere chronicle of my daily doings, by including what writer A.C. Benson called "a salient account of some particular episode, a walk, a book, a conversation." Like the time I stood in a queue at a fish counter, watching a man buy a kilo of herring. "This isn't for me," he airily explained. "It's for a pet seagull." When he'd gone, the next man at the queue asked for *two* kilos of herring. "This," he quipped, "is *not* for a seagull.

It's for a pet killer whale."

Novelist Virginia Woolf once wrote that she wanted her diary to resemble "some deep old desk, or capacious holdall, in which one flings a mass of odds and ends." And I think of my own diary as a sort of mental ragbag, a hotch-potch of thoughts. It can be serious, stern, religious, philosophical, outraged, sad. It can also be funny, zany, practical, boastful, insufferable. But most of all, it is personal. "We converse with the absent by letters," wrote author Isaac D'Israeli, father of Victorian prime minister Benjamin Disraeli, "and with ourselves by diaries."

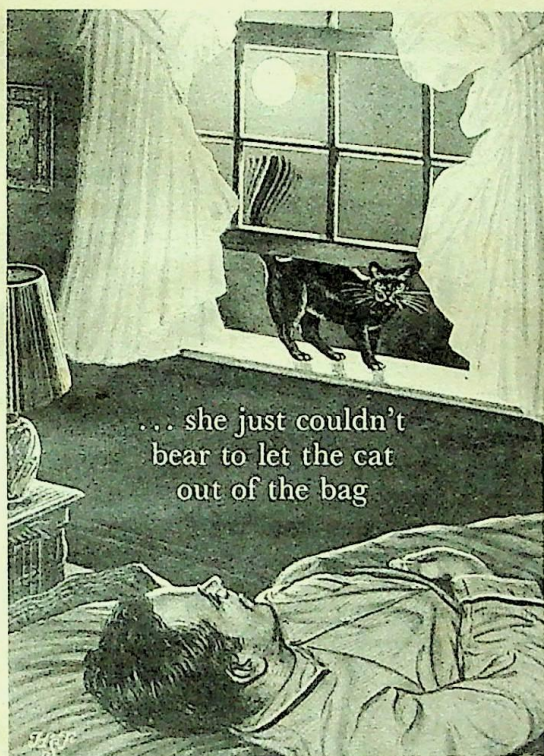
And in those conversations we create a special magic. We record the mystery of being alive, we conjure the past, we paint a portrait of the writer. I have often wished my grandparents, whom I never knew, had kept a diary; how much closer would we feel to unknown forebears if only they'd left us some daily account of the joys and tragedies that shaped their lives?

As for myself, each night when I muse, pen poised, over the blank page, I know I'm about to say: *future grandsons and grand-daughters, nieces and nephews—here's my gift for you.*

ANNOUNCEMENT on the college bulletin board: "Sports meet—9am sharp. Any last-minute changes in the programme will be announced well in advance."

—D.V. Suresh, Mysore

Fiction Feature



... she just couldn't
bear to let the cat
out of the bag

A FELINE FABLE FOR OUR TIMES

BY S. FOWLER WRIGHT

“**M**UTANTS are nothing new,” Professor Forsyte said with quiet finality. “One of the earliest books from classical times narrates how a man’s wife was changed into a cat.”

I’d like being a cat.”

“I should suppose the attraction would not be great.”

“Well, I feel differently. Wouldn’t you like me purring against your legs?”

Olive asked, “Could you do it?” doubtfully. She had always been

too volatile, too flippant to be helpful in serious work. As he hesitated, he saw annoyance on her attractive face.

"Of course, you couldn't," she said. "It's only talk."

"If you would co-operate..."

"I'd jump at the chance." *And I'd be able to jump better than I do now*, she thought—but she had learnt that such levities were not appreciated.

"It would be an interesting experiment," the professor continued. "But we should have a clear understanding about getting you back to normal. We'd have to co-operate in that also."

"You think it might come unstuck there?"

"There should be no risk. I couldn't do it without your consent."

"Well, you'd certainly get that!"

OLIVE had been away for nearly a week. She had had the time of her

life. She had teased dogs, stolen food. She had had adventures upon the roof tiles. Now she leapt on to the windowsill, so that he saw her, black against the moonlit sky.

He was not asleep as she had assumed he would be. Would she come in? Would she be content to wait till daylight, or would she desire him to release her now, so that dawn would reveal a disorder of gold-brown hair and a piquant face asleep on a red-nailed hand?

So he hoped, so he expected that it would be. But she did not come in. Only her tail moved. He saw it arch and wave, as if agitated by the thoughts that crept down her spine.

It was true that she had meant to return to him and her human life. It had been an evident course that her mind had accepted without debate. But now a doubt arose.

There was so little to return to, so very much to resign. He saw her turn and leap back into the night.



By Right

IN HIS book *Up in the Clouds, Gentlemen Please*, actor Sir John Mills reminisces about his career:

I remember a party where one actor was complaining bitterly about an audience's behaviour and lack of manners. Sir Noel Coward stared at him with a beady eye and, wagging the famous forefinger, said, "Listen, dear, the theatre is a place of entertainment and people pay to be entertained. As long as they are paying customers they are entitled to (a) yawn, (b) go to sleep, (c) snore, (d) eat mounds of chocolates from crinkly brown wrappers, (e) describe the scene taking place in a loud voice to a deaf aunt with an ear trumpet, or (f) even knit."

—Published by Ticknor & Fields

Towards More Picturesque Speech



Television Specials

Woman to husband as they watch TV: "Frankly the picture is clearer than the plot" —Al Bernstein

Man looking at news programme: "I sure wish things would quieten down for a while. I'm getting tired of seeing history being made" —Morrie Brickman

Book Title

The Living Past by Esther Day
—Chittaranjan Andrade, Bangalore

How's Life?

Radio dealer: sound
Economist: stable

—Wilfred Lemos, Goa

Deer: stagnating

—Nimmou Nilakantan, Koratty

Ways and Means

The best way to work out your income tax is very carefully

—Council Bluffs, Iowa, *Nonpareil*

It's easy to give up smoking. All you need are will power, determination and wet matches —F.F.W.

You can always recognize an egoist by the gleam in his I

—Amy Griffin

Professional Insults

Calling a gambler a dicey guy
Calling a tailor a turncoat

—Sanjit Keskar, Bombay

Nature Narrative

Banana leaves swaying in embrace . . .

—Mrs Flora Chettiar, Bombay

Ahh, Food!

THE CAUSE of indigestion is often a square meal in a round stomach!

—K. Ramakrishna, Madras

Not in the Dictionary

Swan song: cygneture —W.B.H.

Allergy doctor: antisneezeologist

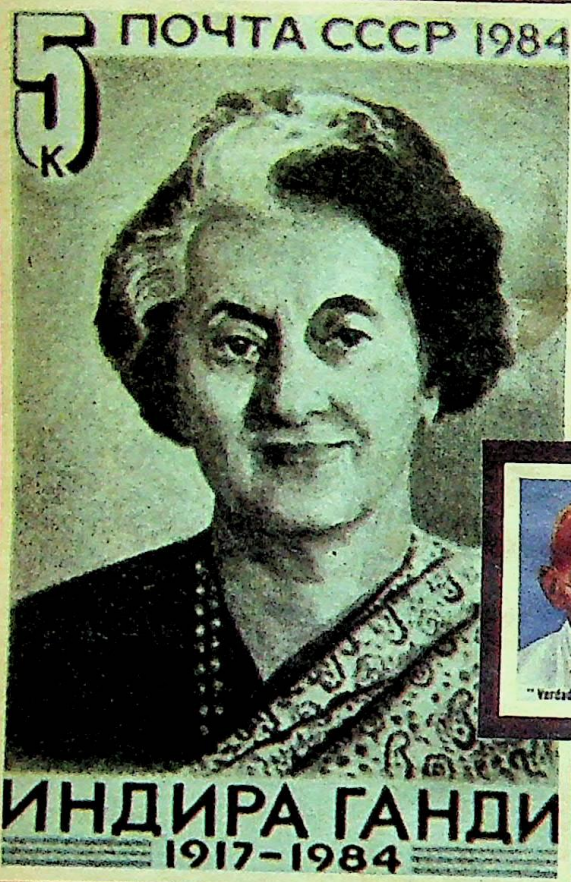
—W.G.C.

Divorce: elimimate

—G.M.S.

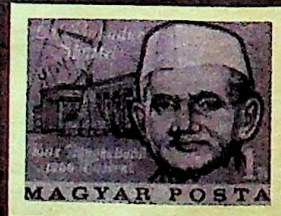
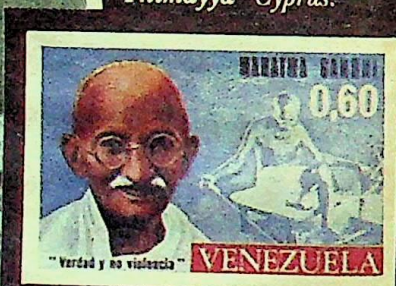
Scene stealer: claptomaniac —M.R.V.

The important date you forget: anniversorry —V.P.H.O.



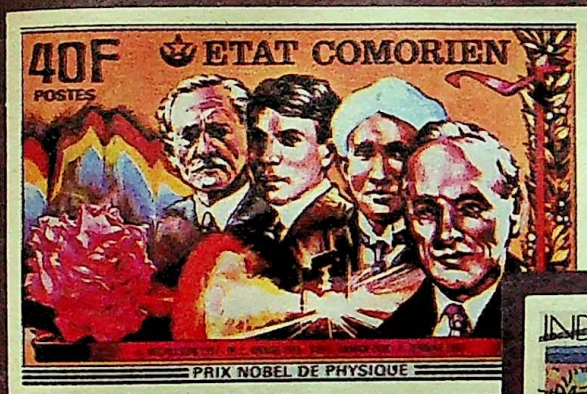
*Left: Indira Gandhi—
Russia*

*Below: Gandhiji—
Venezuela;
Lal Bahadur
Shastri—Hungary;
General
Thimayya—Cyprus.*



Familiar Faces in Strange Places

ADAPTED FROM "FAMILIAR FACES IN STRANGE PLACES" —USRD APRIL 1975;
MATERIAL FOR THIS FEATURE WAS COLLECTED BY ANTOINETTE D'SOUZA

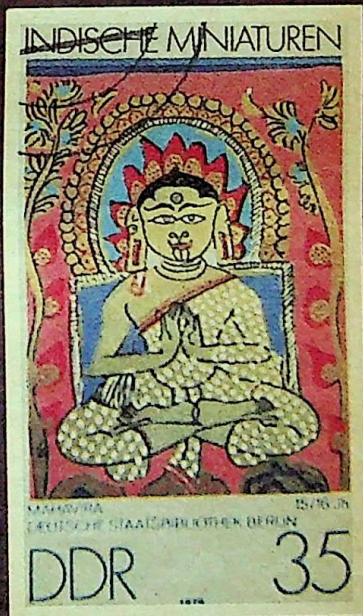
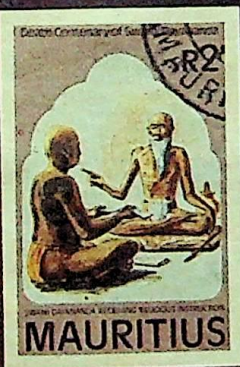
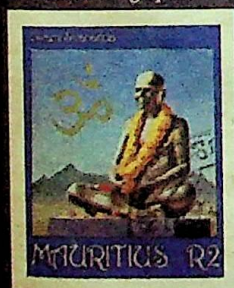


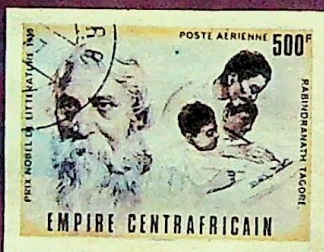
Left: **Professor C. V. Raman**—Republic of the Comoros

Below: **Mahavira**—German Democratic Republic

THE NAMES and faces of more than a dozen Indians have appeared on stamps issued by foreign countries. High on the list are Gandhiji (at least 42 nations) and Rabindranath Tagore (10). Prominent Indians of both past and present have been honoured—from Lord Buddha to Zail Singh.

Below left to right: **Swami Sivananda**—Mauritius; **Swami Dayananda**—Mauritius; **Gautama Buddha**—Japan





Clockwise from bottom left:
Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit—
 Liberia; **Dr. Kotnis**—
 Liberia; **Dr. Kotnis**—
 China; **Zail Singh**—
 South Korea; **Jawaharlal**
Nehru—Yemen;
Rabindranath Tagore—
 Central African Republic



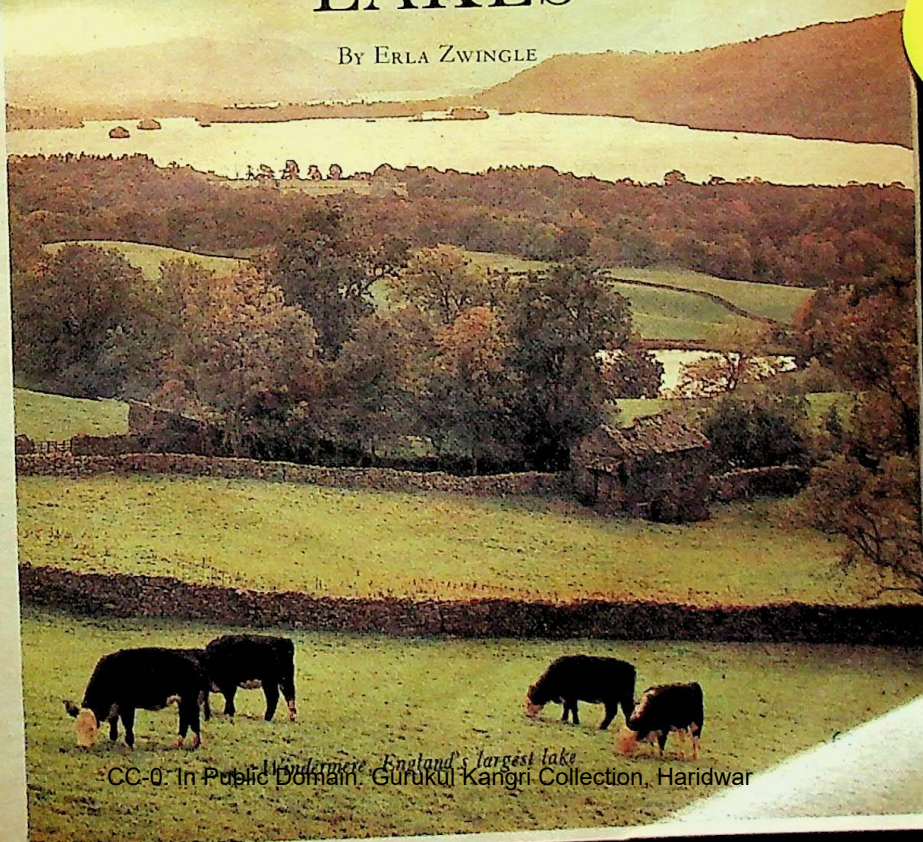
There was a time when meadow,
grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream

—William Wordsworth,
Intimations of Immortality

C ELESTIAL light still cloaks
the massive mountains of
Cumbria, home of the
English Lake District. It picks out
the daffodil and celandine, the
lonely reaches of upland pond and
hidden vale celebrated by William
Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor

LOVELY ARE THE LAKES

By ERLA ZWINGLE



Windermere, England's largest lake
CC-0. In Public Domain. Gurukul Kangri Collection, Haridwar

Coleridge and Robert Southey, the Lake Poets of the early nineteenth century. Wandering clouds, lonely or otherwise, still cast their shadows over the lakes these poets immortalized—Grasmere, Rydal Water, Esthwaite Water, Brothers' Water. The cataracts, as Wordsworth wrote, still "blow their trumpets from the steep."

Every year thousands of people are drawn to the district who have long forgotten what they may

have known of Romantic poetry. They come to hike and camp and windsurf, escaping from a world, that, as Wordsworth saw, "is too much with us."

Cumbria, the new name which covers the old counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, curves outwards from the north-western coast of England between Wales and Scotland. It contains England's highest peaks (Scafell Pikes, Skiddaw, Helvellyn, all

Century-old bridges cross the river Brathay



over 900 metres) and some of its oldest mountains. To my surprise, I found that the world that enraptured the poets is still there. Wordsworth was prophetic in suggesting that the Lake District be preserved as a sort of "national property." In 1951 the Lake District National Park was founded to protect 2,279 square kilometres of some of the most amazing scenery in the world.

We all owe a debt to the Lake



Dove Cottage, where Wordsworth lived for nine years

Poets, for it is largely because of them that we look at nature as we do. Radical thinkers, they were searching for some link between God and man in the natural world. It was revolutionary to see, as Wordsworth did, "splendour in the grass," "glory in the flower."

The Lake Poets responded to this beauty in different ways. To

Wordsworth, who yearned for permanence in the midst of change, Grasmere was nothing less than "the fixed centre of a troubled world." Nature was his mentor, and his heart was always ready to "leap up" on seeing a rainbow or "to dance" when remembering the daffodils. Coleridge sensed that he was not part of the harmony of nature, and it made him morbid. His poems and letters are obsessed with the breakdown of things; he brooded on the awesome with a kind of self-induced vertigo.

The Coleridgean landscape still glowers amidst the Langdale Pikes, the Crinkle Crags and Hard Knott Pass. Propelled by nervous energy, he would clamber over terrifying summits alone, staying out all night. Wordsworth generally kept to the roads and got home to bed. And Southey, a poet laureate little read today, preferred to stay indoors among his thousands of precious books, describing nature at one remove.

Lakeland does not go to unseemly lengths to promote the poets' shrines. Signposts are modest and infrequent. Dove Cottage, where Wordsworth wrote many of his best poems, is on a side road with no great arrows pointing the way. A few buildings now obscure the view the poet had of Grasmere Lake a few hundred metres away, but only a modest car park and the elegant Wordsworth Museum

next door really alter its character.

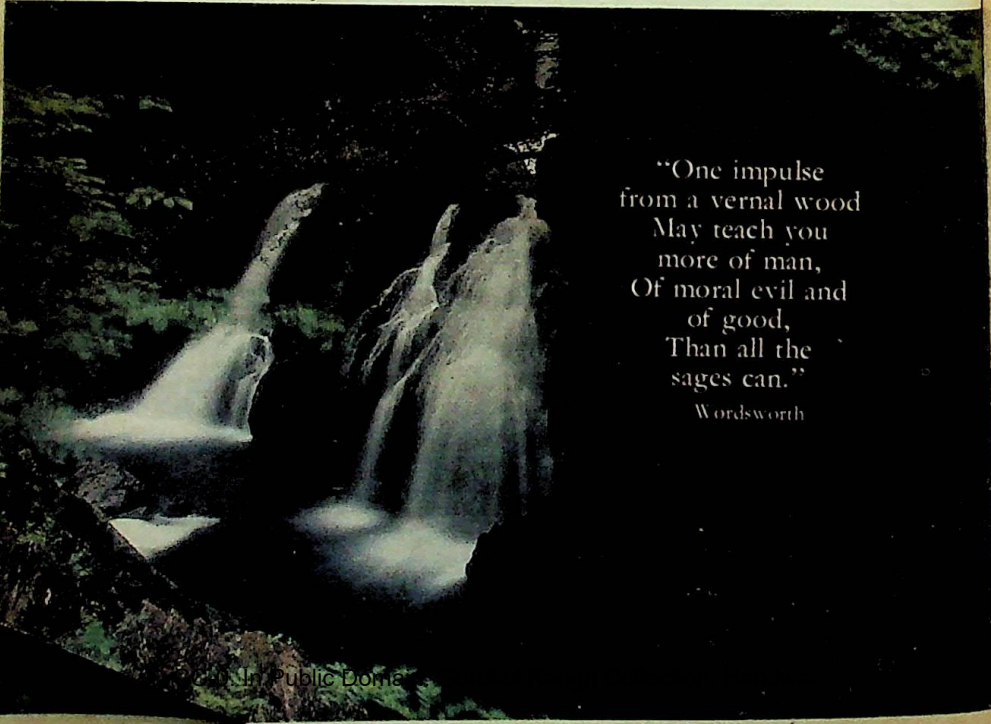
The cottage is so very small, remarkable when one remembers that the house was originally an inn. The miniature living-room, through which you enter, would barely sit six comfortably today, yet the house was often "crammed edge-full" with visitors (including half a dozen village children dancing one Christmas). It is a comfortable, homey arrangement, and it is easy to picture the days during his nine years residence when Wordsworth would sneak out of the back door to avoid "questions of a domestic nature."

The highway from Grasmere to

Rydal Mount, the imposing estate where Wordsworth spent his mature years, is only about three kilometres long, but there is a more direct footpath between them, Wordsworth's favourite, that is one of the prettiest short walks to be found anywhere.

The route is thickly forested, and occasional flagstone steps lead secretively off into the woods. There are frequent open spots that afford lovely views of the vale below, which resembles a stately park. Crossing pastures, the path is fretted with gates, each of which latches according to its own ingenious system. Apart from its

Colwith Force is a waterfall near Ellerwater



"One impulse
from a vernal wood
May teach you
more of man,
Of moral evil and
of good,
Than all the
sages can."

Wordsworth

charm, the path is practical, bringing you in a mere 40 minutes right to the back door of Rydal Mount.

There are not so many sites associated with Coleridge and Southey. Greta Hall, their home in Keswick, now belongs to a school and is closed to the public. By coincidence the two poets married sisters, and eventually all set up housekeeping together. But Southey and Wordsworth had little in common, although they maintained a polite friendship.

Southey treasured his library (Coleridge called it his wife), while Wordsworth had little use for books. Thomas De Quincey, a writer and friend of the Lake Poets, tells a hair-raising tale of Wordsworth sitting at the tea table cutting the pages of a new book—not his own—with a butter-smear knife. Behaviour like this led Southey to observe that he'd as soon let a bear into a tulip garden as Wordsworth into his library. Wordsworth in turn occasionally sneered at him for being "finical" and remarked to a friend that it was painful to see "how dead Southey is become to all *but books*."

Reading in the Lake District does seem rather a serious misuse of one's time. It is in walking that we come closest to sharing what the poets felt, and today walkers are everywhere, as indefatigable as

the old poets themselves.

The great appeal is the amazing variety of terrain found in a relatively small area. You can wander from real heat, below, to sub-arctic chill above, in just a few hours. Even unambitious routes are full of surprising prospects, from cool, damp glade to soaring, naked crag. Travelling through Langdale Valley towards Wrynose Pass is one of the best routes for this. At the height of the pass itself, however, a perfectly sensible gravel car park banishes the vision. Intrepid elderly couples in woollen sweaters sit on camp chairs in the sun, heedless of the whistling wind, while far below, downwards in the valley and about 5,000 years forward in history, cattle are grazing.

The fascination of the Lake District rests in large part on such an unlikely co-existence of wilderness and cultivation. But its beauty, so chaste and innocent in one place and so dark and terrible in another, cannot really be explained. What is rare and undeniable and unforgettable is its power to evoke what Wordsworth best described as

*"that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the
mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary
weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened."*



Europe's Court of Last Resort

BY PAUL MARTIN

The European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg is a triumph for our democracies and a boon for individuals whose fundamental human rights have been neglected, overlooked or violated

ON THE night of December 14, 1977, Willem Ploeg's* retarded teenage daughter was raped in the Netherlands mental home where she was being cared for. Mentally a child, the girl was incapable of filing a complaint with the police against her assailant. Her father did it for her.

Only a day before the attack, however, the girl had turned 16—the Dutch legal age of consent. Though the facts were not in dispute, the public prosecutor decided not to open proceedings. Ploeg's appeal to a higher court was dismissed on the grounds that

*Names of the father and daughter have been changed to protect their privacy.

**Austria, Belgium, Cyprus, Denmark, France, West Germany, Greece, Iceland, Ireland, Italy, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Malta, Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, United Kingdom.

the victim was of legal age and therefore *only she* could press charges, and the law left him no recourse to the Supreme Court of the Netherlands.

So on January 10, 1980, Ploeg turned to the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg. Guardian of the European Convention on Human Rights, the Court gives individuals an opportunity to put the Council of Europe's 21 member nations** on trial if they believe their fundamental rights have been neglected, overlooked or violated. Citing the Dutch state in his complaint, Ploeg alleged that its failure to bring the rapist to justice had violated his daughter's right to respect for private life.

Fundamental Rights. After a

two-year investigation, the application was declared admissible and finally, in March 1985, the Court ruled that an article of the Convention had been violated, and ordered the Netherlands to pay the victim 3,000 Dutch guilders (1Dg = Rs 4). The Dutch government is now planning to amend the law on rape to encompass cases like that of Anneke Ploeg.

Since the Court was established in September 1953, no signatory state has ever disputed its decision. "Governments rightly fear being found in breach of the Convention by the Court," says Marcelino Oreja, the Spanish secretary general of the Council of Europe. "Its judgement carries the collective weight of Europe's democratic traditions."

The Court's far-reaching juridical power is embodied in the 103-article Convention on Human Rights drawn up by Western European leaders after the Second World War. Ratified by all the Council of Europe states, the Convention guarantees such fundamentals as the right to life, liberty and security of the person; a fair administration of justice; freedom of expression, thought, conscience, religion and assembly; and the right to marry and found a family. "The Convention is the Ten Commandments for the nations of Western Europe," says the Court's former president, Gerard

Wiarda, a leading Netherlands jurist. "We are its caretaker and illuminator—a constitutional court for all European nations."

The 21 Strasbourg judges hail from each of the Council of Europe member states and are elected to nine-year terms by its Consultative Assembly from nominations by their governments. They are called upon to render judgement only on cases that have passed muster with the 21 nationally representative members of the Court's investigative arm, the European Commission of Human Rights.

Initial Requirements. When they are not in Strasbourg, the judges and commissioners are presiding over national courts, representing clients or teaching in universities and law schools. Swiss Judge Denise Bindschedler-Robert, a professor of international law and currently the only woman in the court, comments: "We each have an intimate practical knowledge of our national law, so our decisions draw on a living experience of European justice."

The Commission's inquiries begin when a complaint arrives in Strasbourg. It has to satisfy four initial requirements: the plaintiff is either a member state or the victim; an article of the Convention is at stake; domestic remedies have been exhausted; and the petition is within six months of the last legal move. If the requirements are sat-

isfied, and the case is declared admissible, the commissioners open formal investigations. Written evidence is gathered. Witnesses may be heard. The Commission will try to reach a "friendly settlement" with the government concerned. If that fails, the Commission compiles a report that may be sent to the Court within three months for further action.

Petitioners have ranged from the disabled and the homeless to the heads of industrial combines. Even suspected members of West Germany's terrorist Red Army Faction, once in prison, petitioned the Commission (in vain) about their conditions of detention. And the Court has ruled on everything from the birching of young offenders in the Isle of Man and the unauthorized tapping of phones by police in Britain to the expropriation of land for public works in Sweden and the administrative detention of vagabonds in Belgium.

Favourable Judgement. Sometimes a petition from an ordinary citizen can affect a whole nation. In 1978 Manuel dos Santos Guincho filed a damage suit in a Portuguese court after he lost the use of an eye in a road accident. Guincho's lawyers said he had an air-tight case. Instead it became a nightmare. Months passed as court writs served on the defendants went unheeded. Defence lawyers and their witnesses

ignored scheduled hearings. Twice the case simply lay dormant, losing almost two years. Finally, when the court found for the plaintiff in 1982 but postponed setting the amount of damages, Guincho petitioned Strasbourg, charging Portugal with unfair administration of justice.

When the Commission began its inquiries, Portugal's judicial machinery was still very slow, as it had been since the nation's return to democracy in 1974. There was still an acute shortage of judges, and the influx of almost one million people from the former colonies had doubled the pre-1974 level of litigation. Knowing an adverse Strasbourg judgement would tarnish Portugal's democratic image, the government moved quickly. By the time the Court found in Guincho's favour in 1984, almost 1,000 judges were sitting in Portuguese courts, compared with 336 in 1974; administrative staff had been more than doubled and litigation time decreased.

Many of post-war Europe's burning social and political issues have been debated in the Strasbourg chamber. In addition to cases brought by individuals, under the Convention, the Court and Commission can hear cases brought by one state against another for alleged human rights breaches. The Council of Europe nations have invoked this

right 18 times, but the only case to come before the Court was the one brought by Ireland against Britain.

"Five Techniques." In an attempt to combat violence in Northern Ireland, emergency powers of arrest, detention and internment of suspected terrorists were introduced on August 9, 1971. This was aimed mainly at the Irish Republican Army (IRA), and hundreds of people, mostly Roman Catholics, were arrested, some of whom were seriously mistreated at interrogation centres. In December the government of Ireland raised a case against Britain in Strasbourg, alleging a long list of violations but focused on five alleged torture methods used on 14 of the arrested suspects: hooding, subjection to noise, deprivation of sleep, wall-standing and denial of food and drink.

Delegates of the Commission began investigations in October 1973. In the next 18 months they heard 113 witnesses, among them British military commanders, security chiefs and intelligence men who, because they were prime targets for the IRA, were questioned at the Norwegian air base at Stavanger because it was more secure than Strasbourg. The oral evidence covered 4,500 pages, and documentation filled a room of the Commission's archives—all resulting in a 563-page report that

concluded there was a case for the United Kingdom to answer.

The Court's final 141-page judgement in January 1978, a masterpiece of jurisprudence, held that although the "five techniques" did not constitute torture, the terrorist suspects had been subjected to "inhuman and degrading treatment." By then, Britain had paid more than £300,000 compensation to the victims, and the Attorney General had assured the Commission that the "five techniques," which had already been discontinued, would never be used in Britain again.

In rare instances the Commission will continue its inquiries even after a case might normally be considered closed. This happened when three West German terrorists—Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin and Jan-Carl Raspe—committed suicide in their cells at Stammheim's top security prison on October 18, 1977. The trio had petitioned Strasbourg about their prison conditions, and the Commission was in the process of weighing their applications' admissibility at the time of their deaths.

Increasing Workload. West German authorities maintained there had been no foul play, but the Commission felt the circumstances warranted on-the-spot observation. The Commission's request for access was secret and the government could have refused,

but it did not. Two days after the suicides, two commissioners were inside the dead terrorists' cells looking at the conditions of detention. When the Commission's decision on the applications was given in July 1978, it confirmed in every detail what the West German authorities had told the world.

Despite its achievements, the European Court has shortcomings, notably the long judicial process. No one is more embarrassed than Strasbourg officials that it took three years and ten months to find the Swiss government in violation of the Convention because a court took almost three years and six months to decide a compensation case. The breach: violation of the right to a hearing within a reasonable time.

The problem is a snowballing workload. Of all Court judgments, over 50 per cent have been given since 1982. Before France gave its citizens the right to appeal to Strasbourg in 1981, for example, no complaints were processed against that nation. There have now been some 12,000 inquiries from French citizens and the Commission has registered nearly 400 cases.

Reforms are being studied.

Currently the judicial machinery is a part-time tribunal. The Court sits for one week each month and the Commission for two-week hearings five times a year. One idea is to merge the Court and Commission into a single *full-time* judicial body. Since it was established, the Commission has received some 12,000 applications, over 450 of which have been declared admissible and another 550 or so that are still being examined.

Whatever reforms are decided by the signatories to the Convention, Strasbourg will remain a beacon not only for Europe's democracies but for all free nations. The Inter-American Court of Human Rights, established in 1979, was modelled on it. Jurists in Asia and Africa plan similar watchdog tribunals for human rights in their own regions.

Recently members of the Court and the Commission were shown a film on world-wide human rights violations, depicting incarcerations, torture, murder and abuse of every right Strasbourg upholds. Who could disagree with the statement at the film's conclusion? "If the world had more Strasbourgs we would not have to witness such scenes."

VISITING a friend who had recently moved house, I noticed a poster on his door which read: "A house is built by stones but a home is built with hearts." Below it was my friend's name plate: D.R. STONEHEART

—C.S. Varma, Jaipur

A Son is Killed

BY DR MARTIN COLEBROOK

We find solace in
rekindled memories
of happy days and the
fact that Nic died doing
what he most enjoyed

OUR WEDDING anniversary was a warm and sunny Sunday in August. The family was gathering for lunch at our home in Bedford, England, where I am a general practitioner, although Nic, our medical student son, had not returned from a run on his motorcycle, his pride and joy.

Then we saw a policeman walking up the drive. I welcomed him in the usual affable manner, but there was no smile in return. He said that Nic had had an accident a few kilometres away and was

"critical" in the local hospital.

I drove to the accident and emergency department. Soon the orthopaedic consultant came to speak to me. "Fixed dilated pupils, severe brain damage, on a ventilator. I have to say that the outlook for survival is not good. Police escort to the Hospital for Nervous Diseases in London has been arranged. Would you like to see him?" All said with utmost sympathy, but the message was clear. I entered the resuscitation room. It was Nic all right but far from being all right.

MY WIFE and I sat in the waiting-room at the Hospital for Nervous Diseases. The houseman came and said that the outlook was poor, then the senior registrar, equally pessimistic but more authoritatively so. He offered to bring in the consultant but I saw no point. The case was straightforward; straightforwardly bad.

We said that Nic and we had agreed when he first went motorcycling that his kidneys and any other useful organs should be made available if he died. Then we entered the ward and sat beside him. In spite of all the technical apparatus he simply looked asleep. His skin was unmarked, warm and pink, and his chest moved with the ventilator.

Next day there was no change, only the news that blood had been taken for tissue typing. The impli-

cation did not escape us; it is an essential preliminary for any organ transplant. Nic was reassessed, and we were told unequivocally that there was no hope of survival. I was invited to examine the findings myself, but declined with thanks. I was a father, not a doctor, just then.

We sat beside the body that was our beloved son. Although many signs of life continued, we noticed that his body was being allowed to cool. When the transplant surgeon from the renal unit at St Mary's in Paddington arrived, he said that there was an acute shortage of corneas as well as kidneys. We asked him to arrange for anything of value to be taken; I signed the appropriate piece of paper and we went to say good-bye to our Nic.

We made ourselves realize that all was not hopeless. Somewhere out there, two people with kidney failure would have the hope of their lives fulfilled and two who were blind would see. I wanted to say a few words of tribute over Nic, but all I could force out was the wish that those who lived with his kidneys and saw through his eyes might lead long and happy lives.

Then, for the first time since childhood, my carefully cultivated composure disintegrated and I wept loudly and openly and cared not who heard and saw. My wife managed better and said a prayer of thanks for his life over him. We

thanked the nurses, collected a pathetic bundle of clothes, and went home.

WE BROKE the news to those at home and then started telephoning. It was hard to know what to say, to find words that were not callously blunt yet not too circumlocutory. Then we discovered that we were attempting to console those who were trying to console us and that there was no consolation, only shared grief and affection.

I feared going through his effects would be distressing, but there was a real delight as I found myself getting to know him in a new way. Joy and grief were present together as souvenirs of childhood rekindled memories of happy days. We were thrilled to find the Leeds Medical School magazine in which he had had an essay published; he had mentioned it but never shown it to us.

What of those who wrote or visited to condole? None could console. Especially welcome were those who had known Nic and whose conversation revived memories for cherishing. We did not mind recounting the events of his death. Many did not know what to say, but we appreciated that all our friends desperately wanted to show their concern.

Now I no longer weep openly, but I miss Nic more than words

can say and I cannot express how

much our remaining three youngsters mean to me. Even so, the family will never be complete again. I have only just begun to stop fantasizing about Nic walking into the room as if nothing had ever happened.

Do I feel guilty about condoning his motorcycling? In his early teens it was I who gave him the job of cleaning my clinic which, unforeseen by me, gave him the money to start motorcycling. Should we have banned the machine from our home? He was an enterprising lad who would have earned money somehow and kept a bike at a friend's home. Then we would have lost him another way, if not both ways.

We made clear to him the risks of motorcycling and that he would receive no financial support from us except for training and safety equipment. Indeed, he was the best student in the local training school and had the best of helmets, even though it was pushed in by a tree stump like a thumb

into an eggshell.

I am simply thankful that there are no grounds for ill feeling about his death. No one else was hurt. He never drank when riding. His machine was found to have been in perfect condition. He had not stormed off after a family row. All our memories are happy. To the last we never lost him and he died doing what he most enjoyed.

I do not find the answers to the questions "why?" and "why Nic?" in religion but in life. The first answer is in the counter-question "why not Nic?" Secondly, I discover that freedom of all kinds entails risks and that means that the worst consequence, death, is going to happen to someone some time and by random chance, not with any form of fairness. Freedom of speech, political freedom, freedom to climb mountains, to drive cars and ride motorcycles, costs lives.

We gave Nic freedom and he paid the price and our loss is our share in that cost.



Short Service

MY FATHER, who is a parish priest, was anxious to get home to his family after several days' absence. He was travelling just over the speed limit when he was pulled over by a police officer who was unimpressed at my father's explanation.

"A priest, eh? How would you like me to preach you a little sermon?"

"Skip the sermon," my father replied with a sigh. "Just take up the collection."

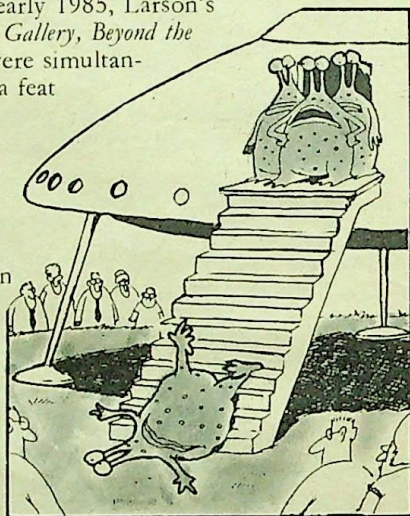
—A.J. Bradley-Low

The Far Side of Gary Larson

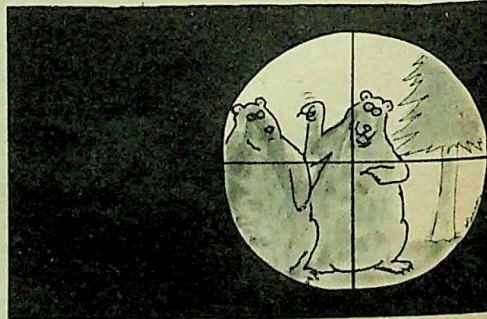
BALDING, bespectacled Gary Larson draws cartoons that are as popular as they are bizarre. Less than six years after it first appeared in print, "The Far Side" is regularly seen in more than 250 newspapers around the world. In early 1985, Larson's four books, *The Far Side*, *The Far Side Gallery*, *Beyond the Far Side* and *In Search of the Far Side*, were simultaneous best-sellers, in the United States, a feat rarely accomplished in publishing.

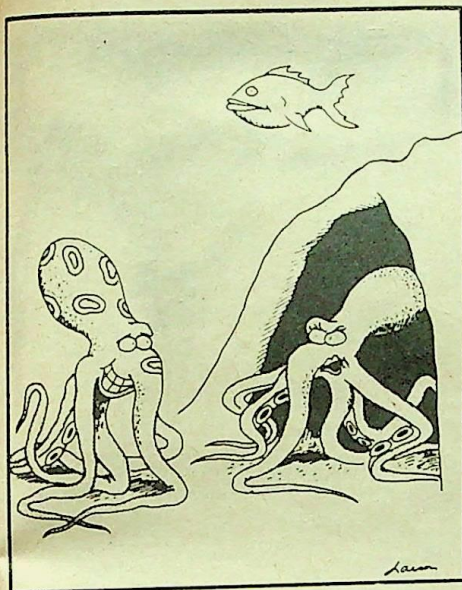
Although his income is well over \$100,000 annually, Larson works in a second-floor studio in his Tudor-style home in Seattle, Washington, surrounded by such artifacts as a stuffed warthog head and a fossilized mastodon tooth.

"People look for deep meanings in my work," says Larson. "But it's just cartoons—basically, I sit at the drawing table and have fun."



"Wonderful! Just wonderful! ... So much for instilling them with a sense of awe."



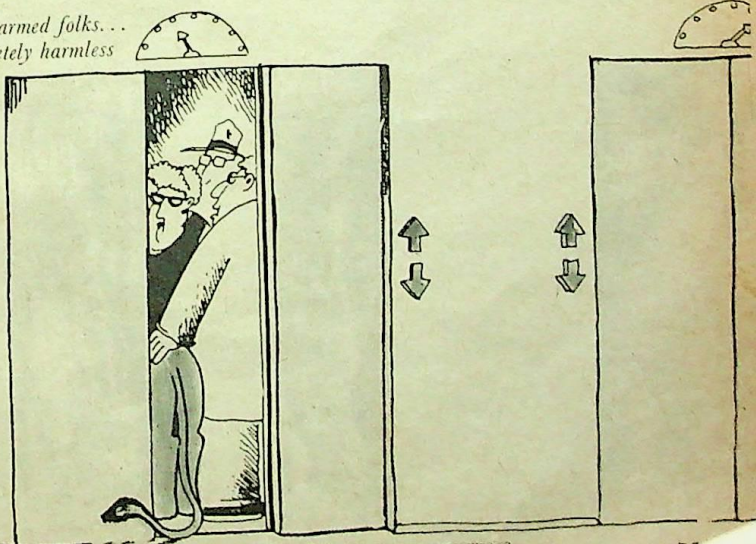


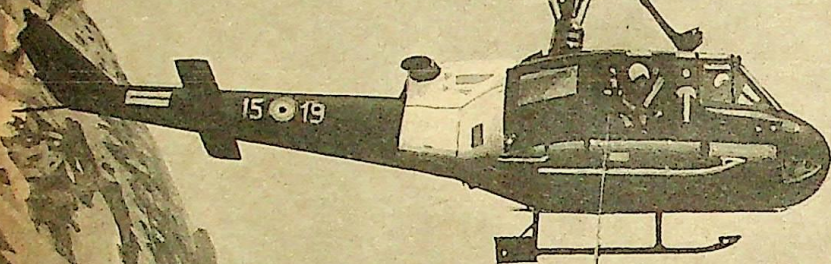
"Oh yeah? ... And I suppose you got those suction marks at the meeting too!"



"Here's the last entry in Carlson's journal: 'Having won their confidence, tomorrow I shall test the humour of these giant but gentle primates with a simple joy-buzzer handshake.'"

"Don't be alarmed folks...
He's completely harmless
unless
something
startles
him."





Cliffhanger!

By CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS

His own
stubbornness
had got him into
his harrowing
predicament. Now
he would need the
stubbornness of
a brave rescuer to
pluck him from
almost certain
death



Marta Lolli had a dream: she walked down a long, narrow corridor and through a door into a tiny room where her husband, Sandro, lay on a cot. There was a box-like structure over his lower legs. His head was entirely swathed in bandages, leaving only a slit around his eyes. A frail voice came through the dressings: "Yes, Marta. I was stubborn! But you know me."

Marta woke up. She reflected on the date, April 14, 1980, because 14 was her lucky number. (Her birthday fell on October 14, Sandro's on January 14.) She put the dream from her mind.

ON JUNE 14, 1980, exactly two months after Marta's dream, Sandro Lolli, 35, and seven Bolognese friends left Santa Cristina Valgardena, an alpine resort in the Italian Dolomites, for a day's hike. Four or five times a year the group would gather for a week-end of walking. None were experienced mountain climbers. Their objectives were fresh air, exercise and communing with nature.

A bucket lift now swept them up to Col Raiser, 2,100 metres above sea level, the starting point for their hike up Sass Rigais, a 3,025-metre-high peak. A guide-book by Reinhold Messner described the climb as "moderately difficult; not for vertigo sufferers."

The eight men reached the base of the mountain at 10am. There

they split into two groups of four, with one team taking the more difficult eastern path, and the other—Sandro's team—taking the easier western path.

With Sandro in the lead, the four made their way up the side of the mountain. But when they began to encounter snow-covered stretches in the path, Sandro's friends hesitated. "Come on, here's the red marker," he said encouragingly. But they remained cautious. Sandro, having come this far, felt that he had to reach the top. "Go back if you like," he declared. "I'm going up on my own." He continued on his way.

"Stubborn, as usual," commented one of his friends, as the group decided not to follow. They would meet Sandro later back at Col Raiser.

Long Wait. When Sandro reached the top of Sass Rigais after a fairly easy and pleasant climb, the view was breathtaking. His plan was to await the four men coming up the east-face path and go back down with them. He opened his rucksack to take out dry socks, for his feet were soaked from the snow. Then he ate his picnic lunch, drank some water from his flask and settled down to enjoy the spectacle and wait.

Two hours passed, but there was no sign of his friends. After another half-hour Sandro got to his feet and set off alone down the

mountain. The east face proved much steeper than the west, with frequent vertical drops to the plateau below. To lessen the angle of descent, Sandro traversed the mountain diagonally. When at last he caught a glimpse of the ascending party, he was well below them, and beginning to feel tired. "Go on without me," he shouted. "I'm continuing down."

"You're crazy," came the reply. "It's too dangerous."

"I'll be all right. Don't worry," Sandro called, and moved off again. Soon his friends were hidden from view.

Descending crabwise over rock and shale, he reached a deep, horse-shoe-shaped gorge. He started down the left side of the gorge, where the going became progressively steeper. Barring his way was a ravine whose bottom was lined with snow and ice, a potentially treacherous chute opening on to the abyss below.

As he crept forward, he instinctively pressed his body close to the slope—contrary to one of the most basic rules of mountaineering, which asserts that the weight of the body should be well balanced on both feet. Thirty metres, then 20, separated him from the far side of the ravine.

He was half-way across when suddenly he felt his right foot slip. Even before panic flooded his brain, his body plunged forward. Head first, he somersaulted on to

the ice, picked up more and more speed as his light nylon anorak offered no resistance to the ice, and felt himself hurtling down the ravine towards the edge of the mountain.

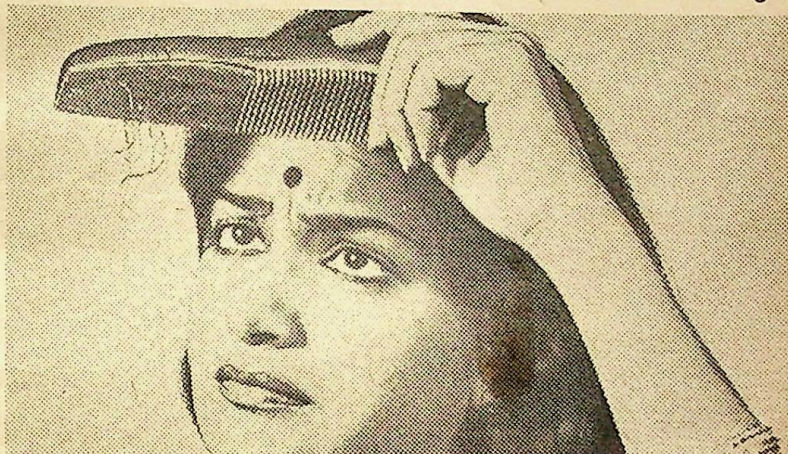
Sandro had only one chance for survival: a rock protruding from the snow in the middle of a gully below him. He saw the rock rushing up to meet him, and just had time to stretch his arms out to protect his head. Then there was oblivion.

WHEN Sandro regained consciousness, the sun was lower in the sky and it was colder. He checked his watch: 3.45. His face and neck were wet and sticky. When he touched the skin, his fingers came away red. With horror he realized that a strip of skin running from the middle of his forehead to the centre of his skull had been torn away, and hung over his right ear.

Dazed, Sandro rose to his knees and, crawling on all fours, recovered his rucksack from a few metres down the gully. Then he began dragging himself up a tall rock stack on the right side of the ravine, five metres of sheer rock, wet with snowmelt. It was agony, but somehow he did it. His instinct seemed to tell him that perhaps, from that rock, his chances of being spotted would be better.

At the top of the stack, Sandro

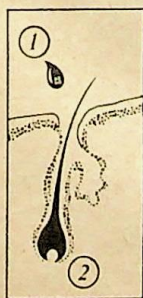
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braced his feet on a narrow ledge. He perched, half sitting, half standing, his back against the rock. The icy bottom of the ravine gleamed below him. There were only a few metres between him and the edge of the precipice. If he fell now...

It was 5.30pm before Sandro's friends reconvened at Col Raiser. Sandro's absence was worrisome, but one never knew with that man. He liked to go his own way, and usually succeeded. Maybe he'd gone on to Santa Cristina. Only when the group got back to the resort and discovered that Sandro hadn't returned did they alert the police. Thus it was late evening when the alarm went out to The Valgardena Alpine Rescue Station in near-by Ortisei.

The six rescuers dispatched to Col Raiser shouted Sandro's name for more than two hours from various locations under the east wall of Sass Rigais, but there was no answer. After midnight the search was called off until morning.

THE MOON had risen and bathed the mountains in a ghostly light. The temperature had sunk below zero. Sandro was wet and deadly cold. His hands and feet were numb. He had taken a yellow T-shirt from his rucksack to stanch the flow of blood from his head. Now it had turned completely red.

Slipping in and out of consciousness, he dreamt of falling into the abyss, and then awakened to the nightmare of clinging helplessly to the rock face.

Terror followed oblivion, then terror again, until the sun began rising around 4am, painting the sky a magnificent palette of red and yellow. Sandro tried to move his frozen limbs to restore them to life. The sun climbed in the sky. Suddenly he felt desperate. Why wasn't anyone coming to get him?

At 8am three guides from the rescue team left Col Raiser for Sass Rigais. Simultaneously, a six-seater spotter helicopter rose from the tarmac at Bolzano's San Giacomo airfield. The helicopter stopped at Col Raiser to pick up Vincenzo Runggaldier, a guide who knew his way around the mountain blindfolded, then swung up towards Sass Rigais.

Visibility was perfect, but as the helicopter zigzagged across the rock face for an hour and Runggaldier scanned the terrain intensely, the rescuers found nothing. They were getting low on fuel. Resigned to turning back, they made one last run—and Runggaldier spotted a splash of red on the mountain face. Sandro was waving the blood-soaked T-shirt to attract attention.

"Found him!" Runggaldier shouted. He radioed the three guides waiting at the foot of the

mountain and gave them Sandro's exact position. Then the copter headed back, dropping Runggaldier at Col Raiser before returning to base.

For the guides, finding Sandro wasn't easy in the jumble of rocks on the cliff. When at last they spotted him from above and behind, he appeared to be hanging over the precipice by a thread. Careful not to make a noise that would startle the injured man and make him lose his balance, Wolfi Mussner, the senior guide, roped himself to a boulder and crawled down the rock face until he could put his arms around Sandro's body.

"Thank God you're here," Sandro mumbled.

It was evident that Sandro was in critical condition; he could not survive the three-hour descent by stretcher to Col Raiser. And the sheer rocks offered no landing site for a helicopter. But Mussner had no choice. He picked up his walkie-talkie and called Col Raiser: "Send in a helicopter."

Tough Task. Almost instantly a siren sounded over San Giacomo airfield as the emergency call was relayed to the operations room. A helicopter from the fourth squadron of the Italian Army's light aviation, "Altair," known in the Alps as "The Angels of the Mountains" for their rescue work, took off immediately.

After picking up Runggaldier,

pilot Giuseppe Tonghini set course for Sass Rigais. It was nearing noon, a dangerous time for mountain flying; hot air rises from the valley floor, is reflected off the rock faces, and creates heavy turbulence when it meets cold air at 2,000 metres.

With Runggaldier pointing the way, Tonghini entered the gorge on whose left face the pick-up would have to be made. The pilot didn't like the situation at all. There was no predicting the air currents; he would have to manoeuvre in a 200-metre-wide space enclosed on three sides.

He flew his craft around the contour of the bowl, its right side lined up against the rock wall, until it hovered above Sandro and the three guides. Sandro had been strapped into a nylon mountaineering harness, ready to be hoisted out.

But now suddenly the two-tonne helicopter was bobbing about like a cork in a maelstrom: the tail started swinging dangerously close to the rock face. The helicopter had begun spinning, and Tonghini could not control it. He slammed on full power and trimmed the main rotor for forward flight. Shuddering, the helicopter responded and nosed away towards the mouth of the gorge.

Tonghini came in for another run with the helicopter's left side parallel to the rock wall. Rung-

galdier dropped a mountaineering rope over the side, but it hung a good five metres from the guides' outstretched hands. Nor could Tonghini bring the helicopter closer. Resting on a buffeting ascending air current, he had almost no control over his craft. Again he ran for safety.

By all the rules, Tonghini should now have returned to base. But a man's life was at stake. So this time he cut across the gorge diagonally and halted with the craft's nose pointing at the rock face. Suddenly the tail started rising vertically in the air. In a matter of seconds the helicopter would flip over. Tonghini threw himself on the controls to bring the nose up and powered the aircraft out of the gorge.

Only one possibility was left: Tonghini would have to *back* towards the cliff. He swung into the gorge and turned the helicopter until the tail pointed at Sandro's perch. Three metres between the rear rotor and the jagged rocks. Two metres. It was holding stable. One metre. The rescue rope was hanging straight down, and

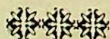
the youngest guide, Othmar Prinoth, secured by a safety line, leaned out over the abyss to try to catch it. It was still out of his reach. Half a metre. Prinoth's hand closed on the rope.

Within seconds the guides had clipped the rope on to Sandro's harness. They gave the thumbs-up sign.

Dangling 12 metres below the helicopter's belly, Sandro was carried back to Col Raiser. There he was lifted on a stretcher into the helicopter. At San Giacomo Airfield, an ambulance awaited him. At the hospital in Bolzano, doctors put some 50 stitches in his head wound, patched up a broken shoulder blade and treated him for frostbite.

Summoned to Bolzano by telephone, Marta Lolli entered the hospital and found herself in a long, narrow corridor. She recognized it at once. She opened the door into a small room where Sandro lay on a bed, his head bandaged and his lower legs boxed in to prevent the blankets from rubbing against his frostbitten feet.

It was exactly as in her dream.

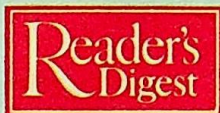


Victim of 'Envy'

WHEN I visited an old friend I hadn't seen in a long time, I was surprised to find his home equipped with the latest television set, refrigerator, stereo, washing-machine and video-recorder. Intrigued by his acquisitions, I asked him the secret of his prosperity. "Envy" he replied.

—Prakash Chandra Gangrare, Bhopal

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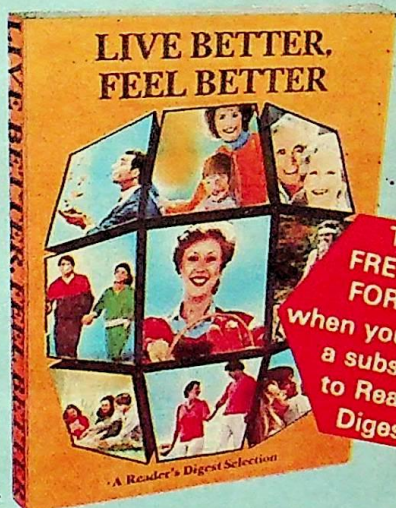
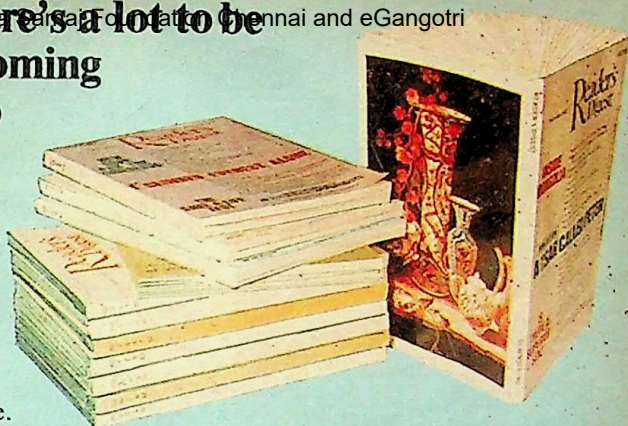
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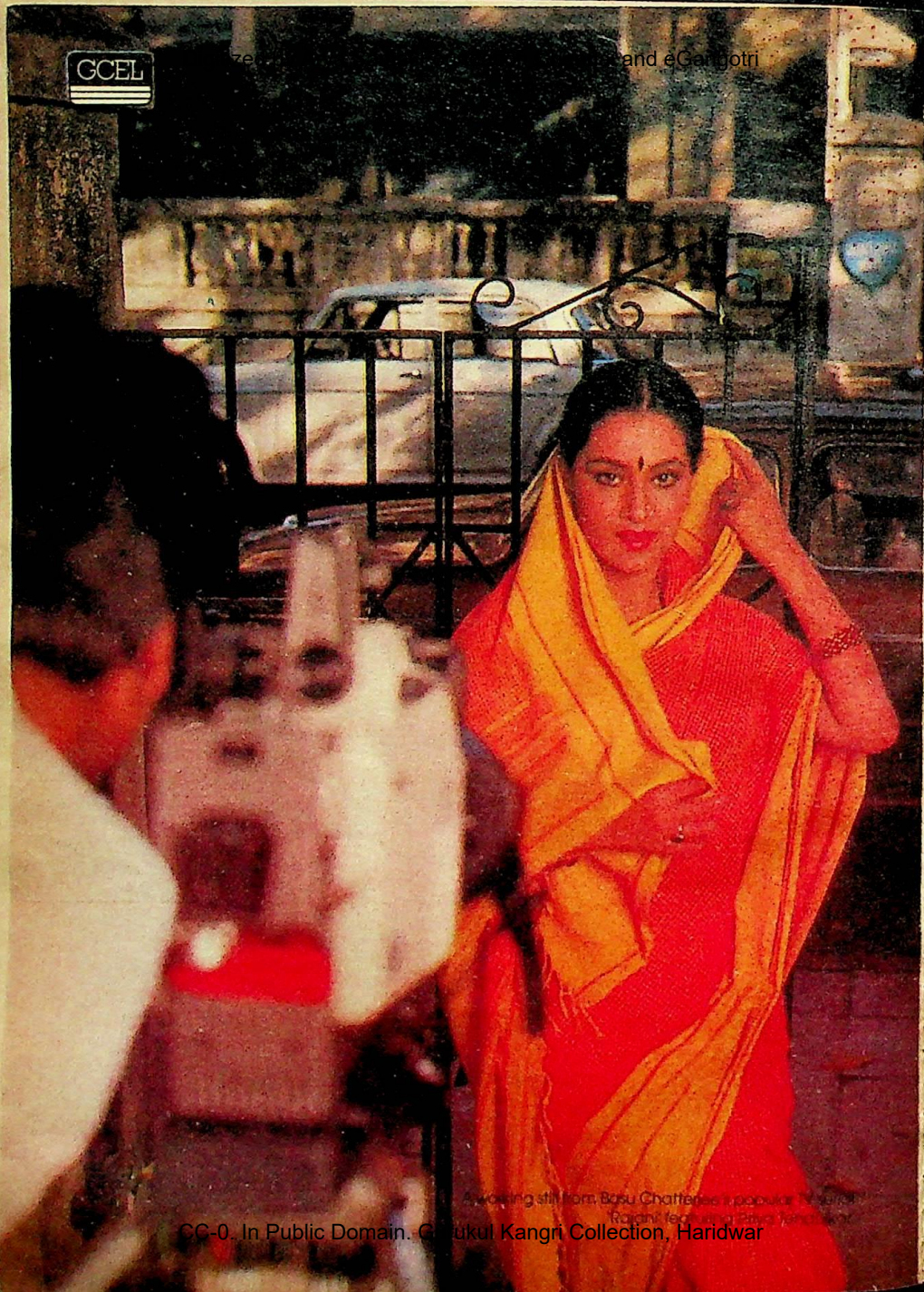


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A waiting still from Basu Chatterjee's popular 1970s film
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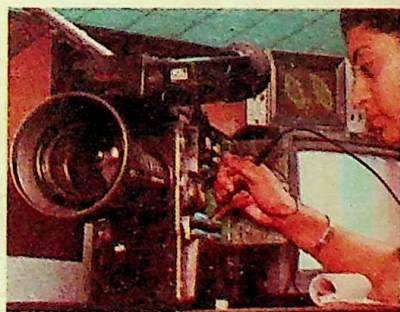
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OBM/7453

ARE YOU A GENIUS?

BY MARVIN GROSSWIRTH, ABBIE SALNY
AND THE MEMBERS OF MENSA

Here is another challenging collection of brain busters compiled by Mensa, the high-IQ society. Designed to entertain you as well as to challenge your intellect, the test may help determine if you have the potential to join Mensa's 70,000 members around the world. Earlier Mensa quizzes in Reader's Digest drew thousands of letters from readers. Among those hopefuls, over 20,000 became eligible for Mensa membership. (Remember to time yourself. You get bonus points for finishing the quiz in less than 25 minutes.)

1. You've just tossed a coin that has come up heads for the tenth time in a row. What is the probability that it will come up heads the next time, assuming the coin has not been tampered with?

2. Which box on the bottom row best completes the following series?



(a) (b) (c) (d)

3. You are an employment

MARVIN GROSSWIRTH, the late journalist and author, was Mensa's public-relations officer. ABBIE SALNY, retired deputy chairman of the psychology department at Montclair State College, serves as supervisory psychologist for both American Mensa and International Mensa.

manager in a land where there are only absolute liars and absolute truth tellers. An applicant comes in to see you and appears to be sincere. He tells you that the next interviewee has told him she is a liar. Is he lying or telling the truth?

4. Which of the following scrambled words is the "odd man out" when the words are unscrambled?

CGHICOA TTOOORN
IMMIA CPOEHNANGE

5. Five men competed in a car race. There were no ties. Will did not come in first. John was neither first nor last. Joe came in one place after Will. James was not second. Walt was two places behind James. In what order did the men finish?

6. What is the missing number

in the following sequence?

3 7 15 ... 63 127

7. If 40 pizza bakers can bake 20 pizzas in (2) hours, how many hours will it take 2 pizza bakers to make 10 pizzas?

8. Ceylon is to Sri Lanka as Constantinople is to:

- (a) New Constantine
 (b) Leningrad (c) New York
 (d) London (e) Istanbul

9. "Birds of a feather flock together" means approximately the same as:

- (a) All songbirds stick together.
 (b) Feathered birds get along well.
 (c) People tend to congregate with others like themselves.
 (d) If you see a lot of birds together, they will probably be the same colour.
 (e) Birds without feathers are not accepted by birds with feathers.

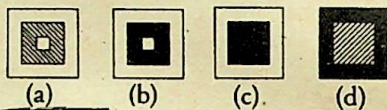
10. If Sally's daughter is my son's mother, what relationship am I to Sally if I am male?

11. Mary won't eat fish or spinach; Sally won't eat fish or green beans; Steve won't eat shrimp or potatoes; Alice won't eat beef or tomatoes; Jim won't eat fish or tomatoes.

If you gave these fussy eaters a dinner party, which items from the following list could you serve?

green beans	creamed codfish
celery	roast beef
lettuce	roast chicken

12.



13. All of my grandchildren are under 17. All of my granddaughters are beautiful. All of my grandchildren have red hair and blue eyes. My oldest grandchild has long red hair. The legal voting age is 18. Which statement(s) can be proved by the information given?

- (a) My oldest grandchild may not yet vote.
 (b) My oldest grandchild is a beautiful girl.
 (c) My youngest grandchild may not yet drive legally.
 (d) My youngest grandchild has short red hair.

14. Potatoes are to peanuts as apples are to:

- (a) bananas (b) lilies
 (c) peaches (d) tomatoes
 (e) cucumbers

15. A snail is climbing out of a well. The well is 20 metres deep. Every day the snail climbs up three metres and every night he slips back two metres. How many days will it take the snail to get out of the well?

16. On your bookshelf you have three books in a set, Volumes I, II and III, in the usual order from left to right. You also have a

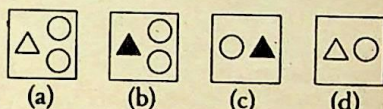
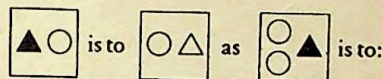
bookworm who is eating them up. The pages of each are two centimetres thick; the covers are each half-centimetre thick. If the bookworm starts at the outside of the front cover of Volume I and eats through to the last page of Volume III, how many centimetres has he bored through?

17. Six thousand, six hundred and six rupees is written Rs 6,606. Now write eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven in figures as fast as you can.

18. A woman collects antique snuff boxes. She bought two, but found herself short of money and had to sell them quickly. She sold them for Rs 600 each. On one she

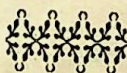
made 20 per cent, and on the other she lost 20 per cent. Did she make or lose money on the whole deal? And how much?

19.



20. A young explorer called his expedition chief in great excitement to report that he had just found a golden coin marked 6BC. The expedition chief fired him. Why?

Answers overleaf



The Difference Between . . .

. . . a conviction and a prejudice is that you can explain a conviction without getting angry.

—*The Quotable Quotations Book*, edited by Alec Lewis

. . . intelligence and education is this: intelligence will make you a good living.

—C.F. Kettering

Bad Eggs

WHILE clipping the hedge, I listened to two brothers at play. "I'll give you ten rupees if you let me break three eggs on your head," said the elder one.

"Word of honour?" asked the younger one suspiciously.

"Word of honour," answered the other.

Shaking with laughter, the elder boy broke the first two eggs over his brother's head. After standing as stiff as a ramrod for fear that the slimy mess would get on his clothes, the younger brother cried, "Well, when is the third egg coming?"

"I'm not stupid," replied his brother. "That would cost me ten rupees."

—E.H.

Answers to "Are You A Genius?"

(1) The chance it will come up heads is 1 in 2. A coin has no memory.
 (2) B. The number of figures jumps by twos, and they are arranged symmetrically. (3) Lying—because no liar would admit to being a liar.
 (4) These letters form the names of large cities: Chicago, Toronto, Miami and Copenhagen. The correct answer is Copenhagen—the only one not on the North American continent. (5) James was first, followed by John, Walt, Wil and Joe. (6) 31. Double each number and add 1 to get the next number. (7) 20 hours. (8) E. Istanbul is the new name of Constantinople, as Sri Lanka is the new name of Ceylon. (9) C. (10) Sally's son-in-law. (11) Roast chicken, celery and lettuce. (12) D. (13) A. All of the others may or may not be true, but you cannot tell from the information given. The oldest grandchild could be a boy, for example. (14) C. Both apples and peaches grow on trees, as both potatoes and peanuts grow underground. (15) 18 days. On the 18th day he reaches the 20-metre level and climbs out; he doesn't have to fall back. (16) Eight centimetres. Put a set of books on the shelf and look at them. If the worm started at the *front* cover of Volume I and ate through Volume II, he would not have touched the pages of Volume I at all. Volume II, with cover, would be seven centimetres and the worm would eat only the back cover of Volume III, another centimetre. (17) 12,111. (18) She lost money. From the facts given, one cost her Rs 500 and the other Rs 750. So she paid Rs 1,250 for them and sold them for Rs 1,200, losing Rs 50. (19) A. Figures are reversed and colour is deleted. (20) There is no way in which a genuine coin could be marked BC, meaning Before Christ, an era marked by someone who had not yet been born.

Scoring

Give yourself one point for each correct answer. Add one bonus point to your score if you completed the quiz in less than 25 minutes, two if you finished in less than 21, and three if you finished in less than 18 minutes.

If you scored:

23-18 points: You are exceptionally intelligent—a perfect candidate for Mensa.

17-16 points: Your IQ should be in the higher percentiles of the population—potential Mensa material.

15-14 points: Above average. You might want to *try* Mensa.

Under 14 points: Mensa may not be for you, but don't worry about it. Some people don't do well on quizzes—but do very well indeed in real life.

For further information, or to take the qualifying test, write to: Mensa-India, C.C. Shroff Research Institute, Excel Estate, S. V. Road, Goregaon (W), Bombay 400 060.

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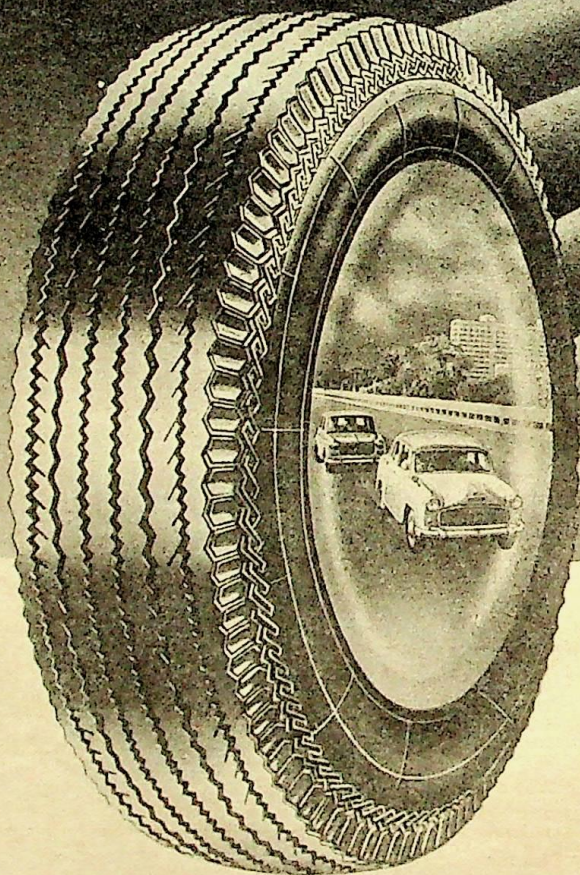
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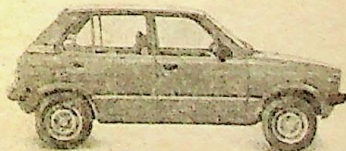
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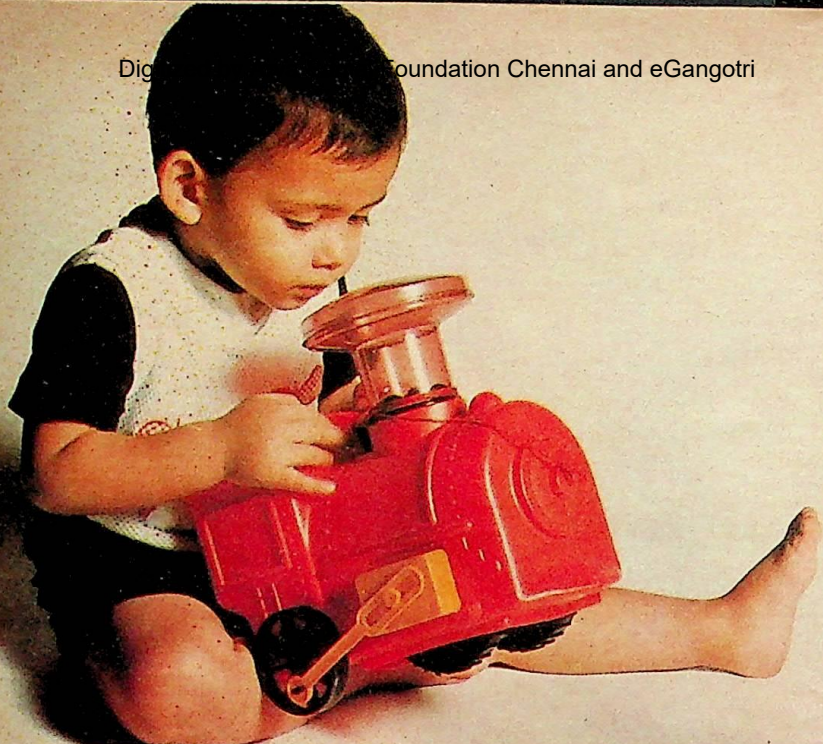
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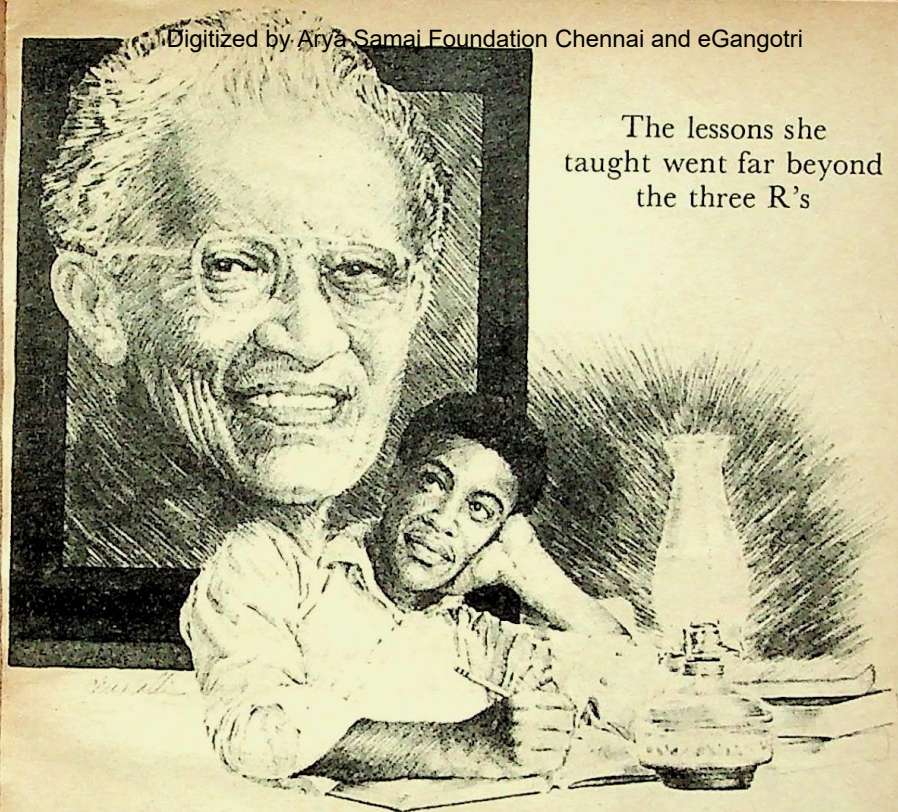
Because Tinplate is still the safest, most versatile packaging material known.

The container is as important as the contents.



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The lessons she
taught went far beyond
the three R's

Unforgettable Miss Bessie

BY CARL ROWAN

SHE WAS only about 152 centimetres tall and probably never weighed more than 50 kilos, but Miss Bessie was a towering

CARL ROWAN, a black American, was formerly director of the United States Information Agency. He is now a newspaper columnist and a Roving Editor for Reader's Digest.

presence in the classroom. She was the only woman tough enough to make me read *Beowulf* and think for a few foolish days that I liked it. From 1938 to 1942, when I attended high school, she taught me English, history, civics—and a lot more than I realized.

I shall never forget the day she

ILLUSTRATION: CHRISTOPHER CALLE

scolded me into reading *Beowulf*.

"But Miss Bessie," I complained, "I ain't much interested in it."

Her large brown eyes became daggerish slits. "Boy," she said, "how dare you say 'ain't' to me! I've taught you better than that."

"Miss Bessie," I pleaded, "I'm trying to get selected for the football team, and if I go around saying 'it isn't' and 'they aren't,' the guys are going to laugh me off the squad."

"Boy," she responded, "you'll play football because you have guts. But do you know what *really* takes guts? Refusing to lower your standards to those of the crowd. It takes guts to say you've got to live and be somebody fifty years after all the football games are over."

I started saying "it isn't" and "they aren't," and I still made it to the football team—and class valedictorian—without losing my buddies' respect.

During her remarkable 44-year career, Mrs Bessie Taylor Gwynn taught hundreds of economically deprived black youngsters—including my mother, my brother, my sisters and me. I remember her now with gratitude and affection. Miss Bessie was an example of an informed, dedicated teacher, a blessing to children and an asset to America.

Dignified Bearing. Born in 1895, in poverty, she grew up in

Athens, Alabama, where there was no municipal school for blacks. She attended Trinity School, a private institution for blacks run by the American Missionary Association, and in 1911 graduated from a high school attached to Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee. Mrs Gwynn, the essence of pride and privacy, never talked about her years in Athens; only in the months before her death did she reveal that she had never attended Fisk University itself because she could not afford the four-year course.

At school she learnt a lot about Shakespeare, but most of all about the profound importance of education—especially, for a people trying to move up from slavery. "What you put in your head, boy," she once said, "can never be pulled out by anybody."

Miss Bessie's bearing of dignity told anyone who met her that she was "educated" in the best sense of the word. There was never a discipline problem in her classes. We didn't dare make mischief with a woman who knew about the Battle of Hastings, the Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights—and who could also play the piano.

This frail-looking woman could make sense of Shakespeare, Milton and Voltaire. Believing that it was important to know who the officials were that spent taxpayers' money and made public policy, she made us memorize the

names of everyone on the US Supreme Court and in the American cabinet. It could be embarrassing to be unprepared when Miss Bessie said, "Get up and tell the class who the US Secretary of Labour is."

Personal Attention. Miss Bessie knew that my family, like so many others during the Depression, couldn't afford to subscribe to a newspaper. She knew we didn't even own a radio. Still, she prodded me to "look out for your future and find some way to keep up with what's going on in the world." So I became a delivery boy for the *Chattanooga Times*. I rarely made a dollar a week, but I got to read a newspaper every day.

Miss Bessie noticed things that had nothing to do with school-work, but were vital to a youngster's development. Once a few classmates made fun of my frayed, hand-me-down overcoat, calling me "Strings." As I was leaving school, Miss Bessie patted me on the back of that overcoat and said, "Carl, never fret about what you *don't* have. Just make the most of what you *do* have—a brain."

Among the things that I did not have was electricity in the little frame house that my father had built for \$400 with his First World War veteran's bonus. But because of her inspiration, I spent many hours squinting beside a kerosene lamp reading Shakespeare and

Thoreau, Samuel Pepys and William Cullen Bryant.

No one in my family had ever passed out of high school, so there was no tradition of commitment to learning for me to lean on. I needed the push and stimulation of a teacher who truly cared. Miss Bessie gave plenty of both, as she immersed me in a wonderful world of similes, metaphors and even onomatopoeia. She led me to believe that I could write sonnets as well as Shakespeare, or iambicpentameter verse to put Alexander Pope to shame.

Truths to Live By. In those days the school system was rigidly segregated, and poor black children had to struggle to put anything in their heads. Our high school was only slightly larger than the once-typical little red schoolhouse, and its library was outrageously inadequate—so small, I like to say, that if two students were in it and one wanted to turn a page, the other one had to step outside.

Negroes were not allowed in the town library, except to mop floors or dust tables. But through white sympathizers, Miss Bessie kept getting books smuggled out of the white library. That is how she introduced me to the Brontës, Byron, Coleridge, Keats and Tennyson. "If you don't read, you can't write, and if you can't write, you might as well stop dreaming," Miss Bessie once told me.

So I read whatever Miss Bessie

told me to, and tried to remember the things she insisted that I store away. Today, I can still recite her "truths to live by," such as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's lines from "The Ladder of St Augustine":

The heights by great men reached and kept.

Were not attained by sudden flight,

But they, while their companions slept,

Were toiling upward in the night.

Years later, her inspiration, prodding, anger, cajoling and almost osmotic infusion of learning finally led to that lovely day when Miss Bessie dropped me a note saying, "I'm so proud to read your column in the *Nashville Tennessean*."

Fond Memories. Miss Bessie was a spry 80 when I went back to McMinnville and visited her. Pointing out proudly that her building was racially integrated, she reached for two glasses and a bottle of whisky. I was momentarily shocked, because it would have been scandalous in the 1930s and '40s for word to get out that a teacher drank, and nobody had ever raised a rumour that Miss Bessie did. I felt a new sense of equality as she lift-

ed her glass to mine.

When Miss Bessie died in 1980, at the age of 85, hundreds of her former students mourned. They knew the measure of a great teacher: love and motivation. Her wisdom and influence had rippled out across generations.

Some of her students who might normally have been doomed to poverty went on to become doctors, dentists and college professors. Many, guided by Miss Bessie's example, became public-school teachers.

"The memory of Miss Bessie and how she conducted her classroom did more for me than anything I learnt in college," recalls Gladys Wood of Knoxville, Tennessee, a highly respected English teacher who spent 43 years in the state's school system. "So many times, when I faced a difficult classroom problem, I asked myself, *How would Miss Bessie deal with this?* And I'd remember that she would handle it with laughter and love."

No child can get all the necessary support at home, and millions of poor children get *no* support at all. That is what makes a wise, educated, warm-hearted teacher like Miss Bessie so vital to the minds, hearts and souls of children.

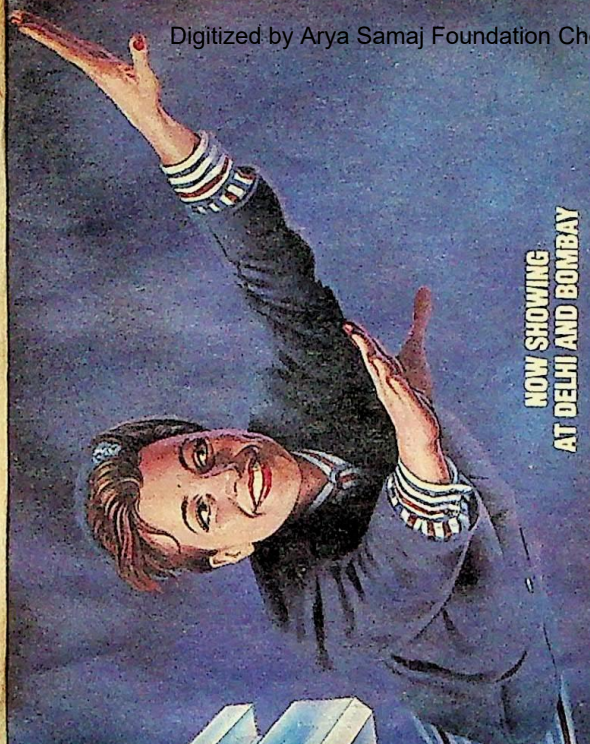
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—Dinesh Kumar Dubey



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# Take Fish to Heart

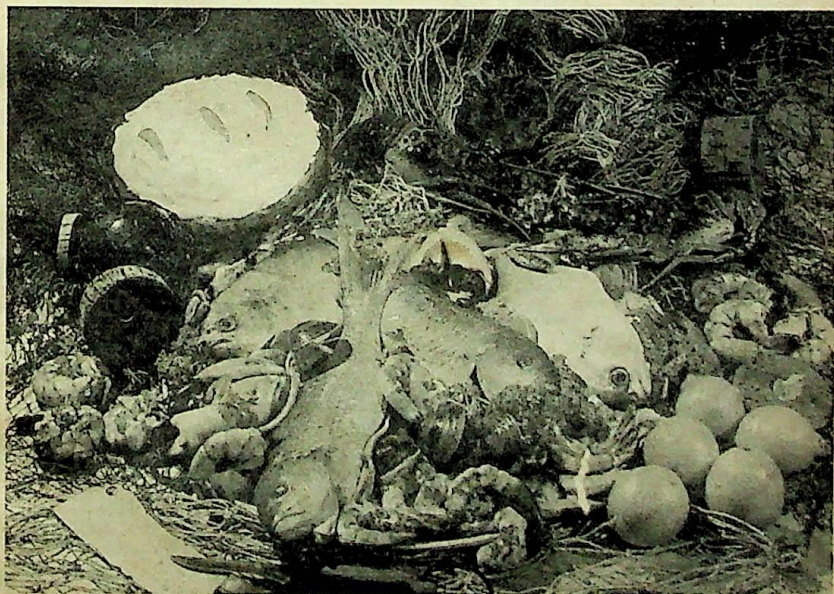
By TOM HAGER

Fish is good for the brain—  
and for the circulatory system,  
and the rest of your body, too

THEIR DIET is saturated with fat, cholesterol and protein. They eat little fibre, few carbohydrates and almost no vitamin C or E. According to nutritional dogma, they should be dropping like flies.

But the Eskimos of western Greenland may be among the healthiest people on earth. They have far less cholesterol in their blood than we do and suffer far less heart disease. Hypertension is uncommon, obesity and rheumatoid arthritis are rare, and diabetes is unknown.

For some 25 years, researchers have dog-sledded through the Arctic and sampled the Eskimos'



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PHOTO: MEL VU FOR THE STOCK SHOP



foods, studied their habits and scrutinized their metabolism to discover their secret. And now we know.

It's meat from the sea. It's long been thought that fish was "brain food." But we're also learning that it's perhaps the best thing to eat to prevent heart attacks. Fish is recognized as a major source of a class of fats (omega-3s) that have far-ranging effects on metabolism.

Researchers are finding that fish oils lower levels of cholesterol and triglycerides, the blood fats associated with heart disease. They help prevent blood clots, a major cause of heart attacks, and retard development of atherosclerosis.

Current research indicates that omega-3s may also:

- lower blood-pressure;
- ease common skin disorders such as eczema and psoriasis;
- relieve inflammatory conditions such as arthritis;
- aid brain development.

Seafood is what nutritionists call "nutrient-dense." Fish-liver fats are high in vitamins A and D, vital for your eyes, skin, teeth and bones. Fish flesh is rich in B vitamins, especially niacin and B-6. These vitamins are crucial to protein metabolism and may be important in preventing skin and nervous-system disorders. Moreover, fish supplies minerals—phosphorus, potassium, iron, iodine and cancer-fight-

ing selenium. Shellfish such as oysters are among nature's richest sources of zinc, important in keeping your immune system tuned up. Oysters, prawns, clams, and unboned, tinned fish such as sardines and mackerel are high in bone-building calcium. Eating fish may even help prevent dental cavities, as seafood supplies fluoride.

**New Excitement.** Most dieters know that seafood is a great source of low-calorie protein. A 100-gram portion of cooked white fish provides about one-third of an adult's recommended dietary allowance of protein, yet contains fewer than 100 calories. Beyond that, new research shows that eating the right kinds of fish may lower the risk of heart disease, by changing your blood chemistry.

Atherosclerosis is a killer that strangles the heart's arteries with patches of a plaque made of fat, cholesterol, cells and debris. An artery slowly clogs to the point where a blood clot or a spasm can close it entirely. Result: heart attack. Researchers know that atherosclerosis is more deadly for people who ingest large amounts of cholesterol and saturated fat—both found in abundance in red meats and dairy products.

Most seafoods, however, are low in cholesterol. Even the worst offenders—prawns, crab and lobster—contain less cholesterol



per serving than an egg does. Seafood is also low in saturated fat, which can raise cholesterol levels. Between 11 and 27 per cent of the total fat in fish is saturated, compared with 36 per cent in pork and 48 per cent in mutton. Eat 100 grams of mackerel or boiled prawns and you take in 0.1 to 0.2 grams of saturated fat. Eat the same amount of mutton or beef, and you ingest at least 50 times as much—11 grams.

But much of the new excitement about fish centres on the oils found primarily in cold- and deep-water varieties—mackerel, herring, sardines. These oils are rich in polyunsaturated fats that give blood a preventive tune-up against heart disease. The most abundant source of these omega-3 fatty acids is seafood.

**Work Wonders.** Polyunsaturated fats (PUFAs) come in two major forms: the omega-6 fatty acids, predominant in vegetable oils, and the omega-3 fatty acids, predominant in fish and marine oils. More than 30 years of research leaves no doubt that vegetable oils are good at battling cholesterol. But recent tests show that fish oils are two to five times more potent in lowering blood cholesterol. They also make blood “thinner,” slower to clot and less likely to contribute to atherosclerotic lesions on artery walls—all pluses for people at risk from heart disease.

Evidence suggests that omega-3s work their wonders by proving an old saying: you are what you eat. One theory is that PUFAs are used by the body to build the oily membranes that surround cells, making the membranes more fluid. With a high intake level of PUFAs, the clots that trigger most heart attacks may not form as easily.

News just as welcome is the way in which omega-3s sweep cholesterol out of the blood. Fish oils somehow change the delicate balance of blood components, called lipoproteins, that shuttle cholesterol around the body. Omega-3s force down the levels of low- and very-low-density lipoproteins that carry cholesterol and—particularly—triglycerides into body tissues, and may push up the level of high-density lipoproteins that are thought to carry cholesterol away.

**Emerging Benefits.** The omega-3 fat docosahexaenoic acid (DHA) may indeed be “brain food.” Fully 65 per cent of your grey matter is made of fats, and DHA is one of the most important. It also forms a good part of the retina of the eye. Studies show that depriving young animals of omega-3s during the period in which their brains are still growing can impair visual and mental functioning. In addition, some researchers believe that lactating mothers may take in too few



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omega-3s, possibly affecting leading American researchers in brain development in their cholesterol and heart disease. infants.

Early evidence also points towards a possible role for fish oils in treating eczema and psoriasis, which are linked to small, hormone-like molecules called prostaglandins and leukotrienes that can act as inflammation triggers in the skin. Enriching skin-cell membranes with omega-3s by diet, according to University of Michigan dermatologist Dr Charles Ellis, may create less-inflammatory hormones.

The emerging benefits of omega-3s, especially in preventing heart disease, prompt the obvious question: should we eat more high-fat fish? Yes, say William Harris and Dr William Conner,

While increasing seafood intake is a good idea, keep in mind that shellfish from polluted waters may contain toxins, as well as organisms that can cause cholera, gastroenteritis and hepatitis. Mollusks and fish that inhabit, or migrate in, shallow ocean waters tend to concentrate environmental contaminants in their bodies. Deep-water ocean fish, are usually safe, however, as are fresh-water fish raised in unpolluted waters.

Keep all seafood chilled to prevent bacterial growth, and eat it as soon as possible after it's bought. Raw seafood may carry tapeworms, roundworms and other parasites. So eat your seafood well-cooked.



### *Phony Finales*

NAPOLEON's last words? Make mine a short bier.  
Composer's last words? The Bach stops here.  
Trosky's last words? The end is incite.  
Epitaph for Icarus? Don't be a soar loser.  
Final tribute to Pavlova? She's out of this whirl.

—Eugene Maleska in *The New York Times*

### *That's Logic*

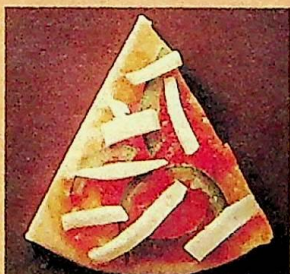
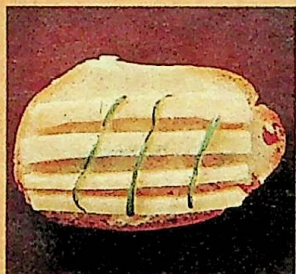
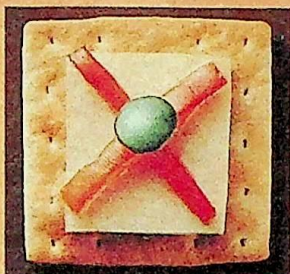
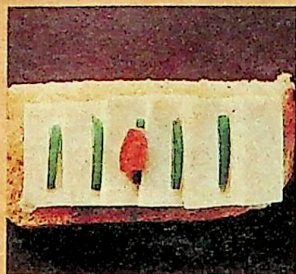
SINGER and composer Stevie Wonder has never seen his blindness as the handicap others do. "One of my teachers told me I had three strikes against me; that I was poor, black and blind, and the only thing an uneducated blind man could do was make rugs and pot-holders." Within a couple of years Wonder was being advertised by his record company as "the 12-year-old blind genius."

"Being blind," he says, "you don't judge books by their covers; you go through things that are relatively insignificant and pick out things that are more important. The people I feel sorry for are those who have sight but still don't see."

—Mick Brown in *Radio Times*, England



# An all-time celebrity

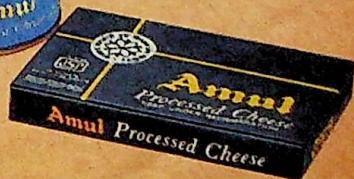


For some people, cheese is good food. For others, it's great fun. Actually it's both!

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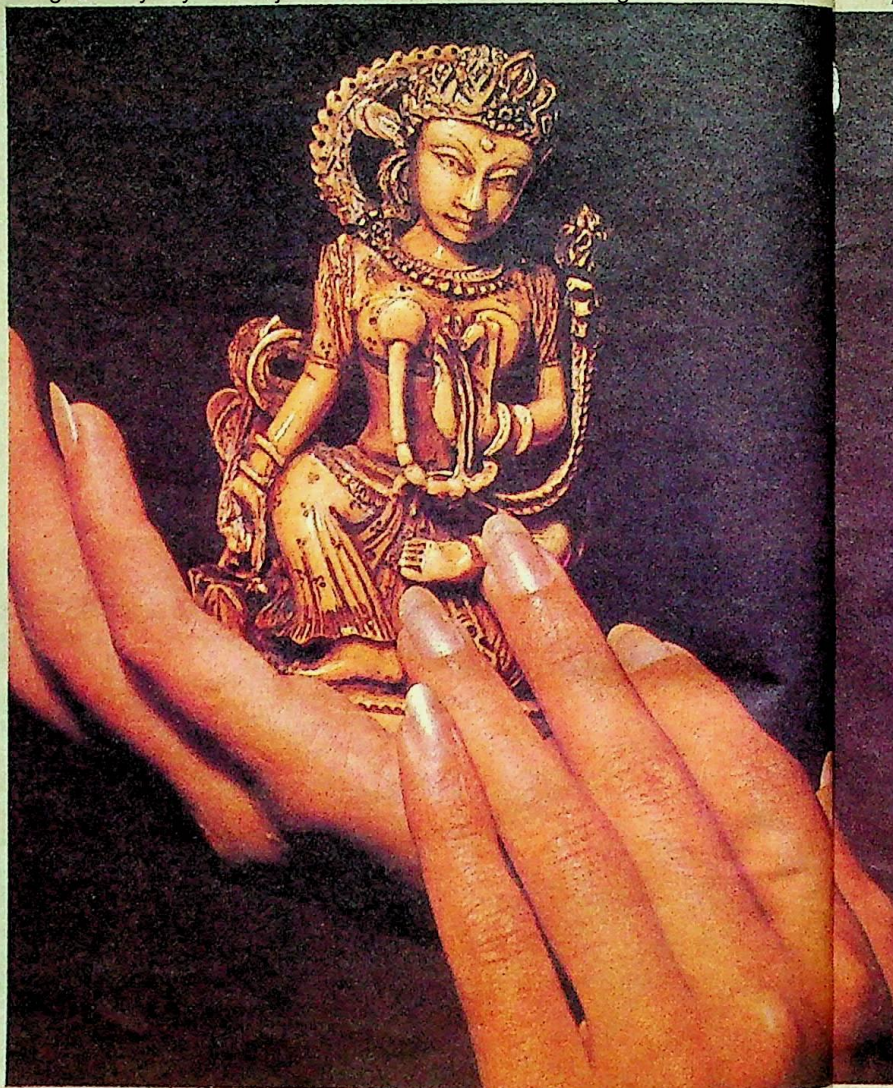
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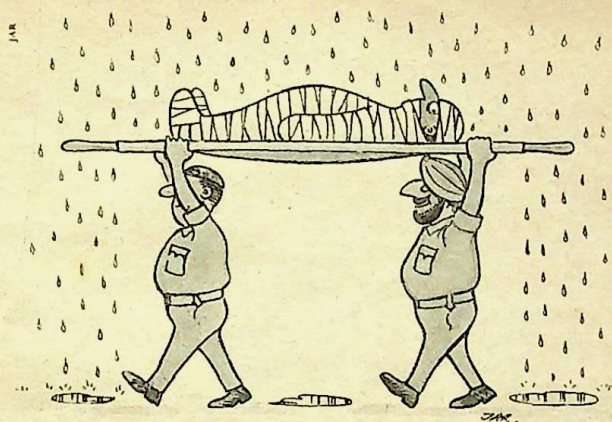
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## HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

AS PART of our four-year course in the National Cadet Corps, we had to undergo a month's rigorous military training at a regular army camp. We were exhausted by the sheer physical strain but our unsympathetic army instructors only drove us harder. One afternoon we got an unexpected break and, rolling up the side flaps of our tent to let in fresh air, we lay down.

I had just opened the book, "*How to Win Friends and Influence People*," when a major passing by saw the title. "Boy, that isn't going to work out here," he growled.

—Vimal Parmar, Orissa

MY HUSBAND'S Marine platoon at Quantico, Vancouver, was called out to exercise in a muddy field. When the men returned, they were told there would be an inspection the next morning. Everyone stayed up late cleaning and polishing, except for a few who were dropping out of the

officer candidate school in a few days. As the inspecting platoon commander worked his way along the lines next morning, all eyes surreptitiously turned to one of the dropouts. The lieutenant looked down the filthy barrel of the man's rifle. "Candidate!" he screamed. "This rifle is so disgusting I can see little green men inside it! What do you intend to do about it?"

The Marine calmly peered down the barrel of his rifle. "Little green men," he ordered, "FALL OUT!"

—C.S. Richards, USA

JOCK, our orderly in GHQ Cairo, was a soldier in the Black Watch Regiment who was posted to us after being wounded in the Western Desert. His only remaining link with his unit was his kilt, which he wore with great pride. When the regimental sergeant-major ordered him to revert to normal drill uniform, he was so upset that he



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decided to go on strike. Get well soon.

—Commodore R.N. Stanbury

We thought it strange when he suddenly volunteered to take a message to the office of the commander-in-chief—until we remembered that General Sir Archibald Wavell was himself a member of the Black Watch. On reaching the C-in-C's office, Jock flatly refused to hand over the message to anyone but the commander. The ensuing commotion brought Wavell to his office door and—recognizing Jock's cap badge—he asked him what was the matter.

"They wouldna let me wear ma kilt," blurted Jock.

"Who wouldn't?" asked Wavell, and for the next ten minutes war operations came to a standstill as Jock recounted his tale of woe.

When he had finished General Wavell asked to be put through to the camp commandant. "I have here a member of my regiment, who tells me that your RSM has stopped him wearing his kilt. You will put the matter right, won't you? Thank you."

The war then started up again.

—J. Walker

SHORTLY before the Second World War, our battle cruiser H.M.S. *Renown*, based at Alexandria in Egypt, was ordered to return to Britain, and the entire ship's company spent a day repainting the ship in the dark grey of the home fleet.

That night, while the paint was still wet, a violent sandstorm struck the harbour. Dawn revealed a heartbreaking sight: the ship was a sickly yellow from stem to stern.

Soon we received a sympathetic signal from another ship in the harbour: "Sorry to see you so off-colour."

AT ONE time, the ammunition dump at an Air Force base was commanded by a colonel whose strict rule was no matches or lighters in the ammunition area. To test the men, he would occasionally walk among them with an unlit cigar between his teeth, stopping now and then to ask an unsuspecting airman for a light.

One evening the colonel paused to watch a sergeant and his crew unpack bomb fuses. "Would any of you gentlemen have a light?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!" an airman piped up. The sergeant and crew stood braced for the colonel's wrath. But the deathly silence erupted into guffaws.

"Thank you airman," the colonel said and strutted away. With a flourish, the airman switched off his torch and returned it to his pocket.

—Dave Harper

MY FATHER was a trumpeter at the crowning of King Edward VII. His uniform, trimmed with gold braid, was on loan and had to be returned. As he was packing the uniform away, he said to my mother, "You know, all I will get for this honour is a Coronation Medal which hundreds of others will get, too. I am going to take one of the gold buttons off this uniform as a keepsake."

When George V came to the throne, my father was again appointed a trumpeter at the Coronation and was sent a uniform. When he opened the case, he saw a note inside: "If you do not want to appear improperly dressed, please replace the gold button."

—Captain S.O. Saunders, South Africa



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# What I See Through

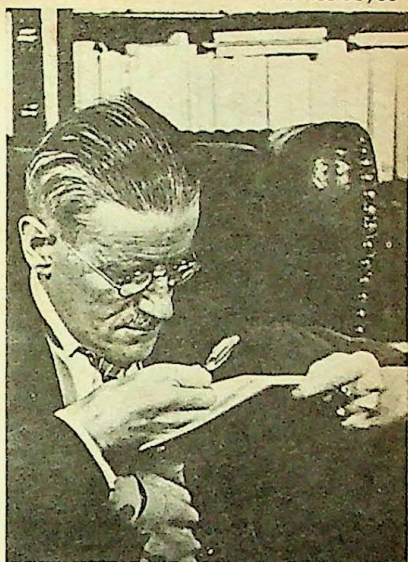
BY GISELE FREUND AS TOLD TO AIMÉ LEMOYNE

*Gisèle Freund is thought by many to be the world's greatest living portrait photographer. Born in Berlin in 1912, she was forced to flee Hitler's Germany—she'd been active in an anti-fascist student group—and settled in France in 1933. Two years later Freund did her first portraits of famous writers. Now collectors pay high prices for these vibrant "picture interviews" with literary figures such as Paul Valéry, Paul Claudel, André Gide and Marguerite Yourcenar.*

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*But her first love in photography is still the portrait. She has won many honours, and here, for Reader's Digest, Freund reveals secrets from a life devoted to her art.*





## My Camera

**M**Y FATHER gave me my first camera for my 15th birthday. It was love at first sight. And from the start, human beings—each with a unique personality, a special character—interested me more than monuments or landscapes. Like everyone else, I began by taking family photos. My father, a collector of paintings, awoke my sensitivity by teaching me to examine, to *see*, works of art. My fascination with people made me a



*Andre Malraux*



Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri  
 photographer. I earned my living doing picture stories for the press, but for my pleasure I did portraiture.

Portraits are a way of communicating with others. Aside from German, my mother tongue, I speak French, English and Spanish. But the only language I ever mastered is one we all understand: photography.

To create a successful photo portrait, some empathy with the subject is needed. I loved the company of writers and artists, and was lucky enough to count a number of them among my friends. Thanks to them, I was able to photograph some of the greatest names in contemporary literature.\*

The first writer whose portrait I did was later to become one of the most famous: André Malraux. He told me: "A photographer is an artisan when his picture, even if it's perfect, could have been taken by someone else. When he takes a unique photograph, one only he could have done, then he becomes an artist."

In 1933 Malraux received the Goncourt prize for *Man's Fate*. Two years later, for a new edition of the novel, he asked me to do this portrait. He was 34; I was 23.

I've never posed anyone. I like

\*Freund's gallery of celebrities in the world of arts and letters includes, among many others, Simone de Beauvoir, Berthold Brecht, Jorge Luis Borges, Colette, James Joyce, Alberto Moravia, Jacques Prévert, Jean-Paul Sartre, Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

Jean Cocteau





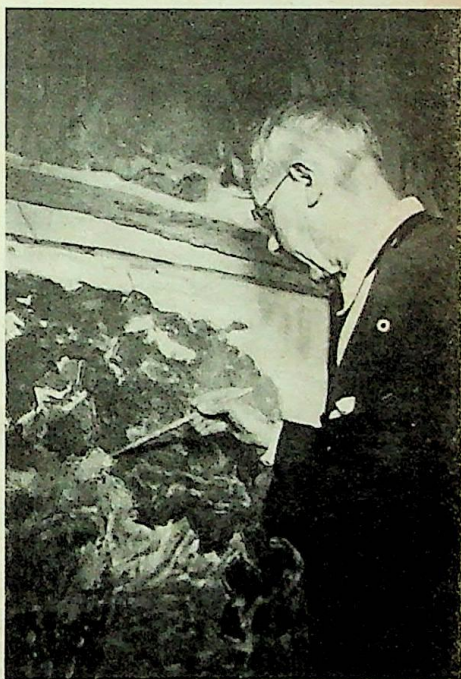
portraits to be natural, simple. Young Malraux sat on my terrace, and I got him talking about art. When someone speaks about a subject he cherishes, he can become so engrossed that he forgets about the camera. That's when he is truly himself. So a good portraitist must know how to be inconspicuous.

Like a hunter stalking game, I waited for the right moment to press the button. Suddenly, I saw he was completely absorbed in what he was saying. He was entirely natural, not at all tense. This was it: he'd forgotten me. This is the fleeting moment you have to seize.

When I show people their finished portraits, many say, "All your portraits are marvellous, Gisèle, except for mine." Why do they say that? Because I never cheat. Once the shutter snaps, I never take anything out, I never crop my pictures. You see everything even the wrinkles and little blemishes on the skin. Cocteau thought his hands made him look old. But to rejuvenate them by retouching would have made the portrait routine, empty, anonymous. The personality disappears with the imperfections. Cocteau finally admitted I was right.

Though I'm opposed to retouching, I have also always tried to avoid accentuating a subject's least favourable aspect. We all have our good and bad sides. It's

easy to bring out the worst: if you photograph someone from above, the forehead is enlarged and the chin tends to disappear—and a person's determination shows in his chin. Photograph someone with his mouth open, and he will

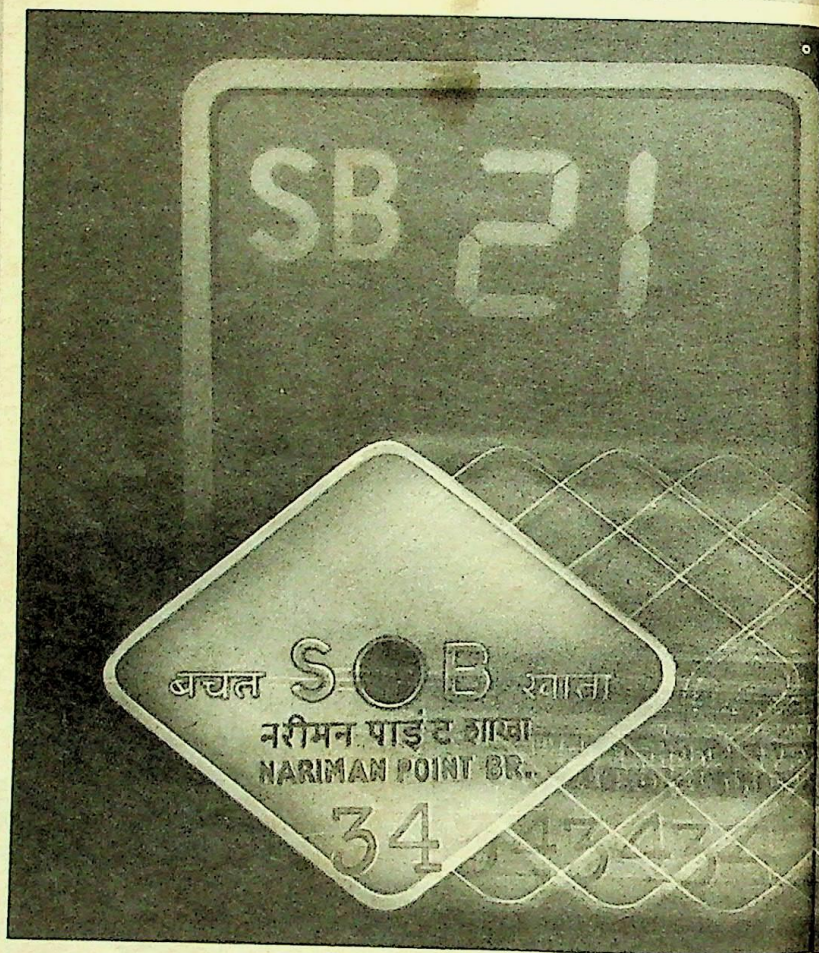


*Pierre Bonnard*

look ridiculous. I prefer portraits that feature what's best in a person.

**Hidden Beauty.** A good portrait ought to be lively, too, as lively as life itself. And life is in colour. When the first colour film





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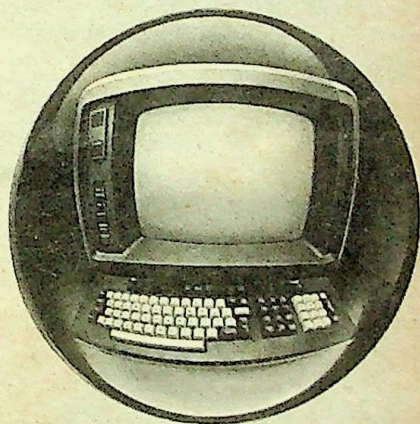


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came on the market in 1938, I began taking colour photos: the front of a hairdressing saloon, a liquor poster, traffic lights. My fourth colour photo was a portrait of poet Paul Valéry. It was a revelation to me. How magnificent to be able to catch all the subtle, changing nuances of colour, the transparency of white skin around the blue eyes!

We generally believe that beauty lies in regular features. Untrue. Real beauty is of the soul, hiding behind the mask that protects us from the difficulties of life. The task of a portraitist is to reach beyond appearances, to reveal this hidden beauty.

In 1939, in London, I photographed Virginia Woolf, who was already very ill and who would commit suicide in 1941. There is something tragic about that photo, but something deeply human, too, because I managed to break through the barrier and reach deep inside the subject. This is where the real art of portraiture lies. Virginia Woolf's face in my portrait is wonderfully serene, like a landscape before a storm, with its mountains, its hills, its rivers.

When François Mitterrand became President of France, he asked me to do his official portrait. I met Mitterrand at the Elysée Palace. But I still had to get to know the palace and find the right setting for the presidential photo. I couldn't see photographing a Socialist pre-

sident in the slightly pompous décor of the Elysée Palace. I looked for a warm, simple room without fancy stucco work or gilt and stopped in the library, an excellent setting for his portrait.

Although Mitterrand is fairly short, he looks big and powerful when seated. "I'll photograph you sitting down," I told him. Mitterrand was firm. He wanted to be pictured standing up. We compromised. "I'll photograph you both sitting and standing. You can choose the one you prefer." (Mitterrand rejected the photos of himself standing as soon as he saw them.)

For a seated portrait, we needed a table, one that wouldn't reflect. All the tables at the Elysée are so polished that you get a double image. A small bridge table covered with a cloth served well. The décor for the presidential photo was ready.

The President arrived late, obviously tired. I suggested that he wear a light-coloured suit. A dark colour, lightly reflected on the face, can make a subject look pale; the eye doesn't see this, but the camera does. Well, Mitterrand was wearing a dark suit. "It's more dignified," he said. I resigned myself to helping him choose a tie that would add a note of colour.

The weather was overcast. The President blinked under the lights, and I had to soften them.



Reluctantly, I ignored his hands. Hands are very important. They, too, express personality. But there wasn't enough light to do everything. I chose to stress the face. Before my camera, his was the face of a rather shy man. I told him: "Don't stare into the camera." Too fixed a look is disturbing. To relax him, I added, "Think about your grandchild."

**Infinite Richness.** Amateur photographers often ask me for advice. There are a few basic points to remember when taking portraits:

- Don't burden yourself with heavy, over-sophisticated equipment. It will only make you more conspicuous than you should be.

- Be careful about noise. A silent shutter-release is better.

- Don't be in a hurry. It takes time to get a subject to relax, sometimes as much as an hour.

- Avoid posing your subjects. Rigid postures produce unnatural-looking photos.

- Photograph your loved ones in their usual setting. They'll be more relaxed and your task will be easier.

- Whether you're doing your portrait in colour or black and white, learn how to play with light. With shadows or back-lighting you can soften a face as much as you like.

- Remember that the first shot is seldom the best, but the last ones often are. It's when your subjects think the picture-taking is over that you have the best chance of capturing spontaneity.

As for the rest, like any other language, photography is learnt with practice. This practice may be one of the best ways of expressing your own personality. If you put ten photographers in front of the same subject, you will get ten different pictures. While an art photo is as rare as a masterpiece in painting, each of your photos contains infinite riches: it's part of you, part of *your* personality.

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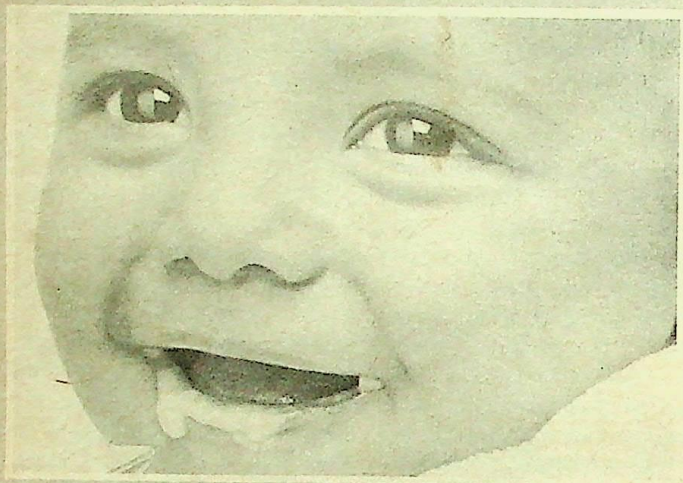
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THREE-YEAR-OLD Natasha wandered too far from her house in the forest near the Caspian Sea. It was snowing, and the little girl got lost in the woods. When a rescue team from the near-by village found her 16 hours later, she was unharmed.

"I got very cold during the night," said Natasha, "but a big wolf came and lay down next to me and kept me warm. He licked my face a lot. When he heard you, he went back in there." And she pointed to a cavern at the end of the clearing. The rescuers went in and saw the animal—a large she-wolf nursing three cubs. The rescue team left without disturbing her.

— 30 Millions d'amis-La vie des Bêtes, France

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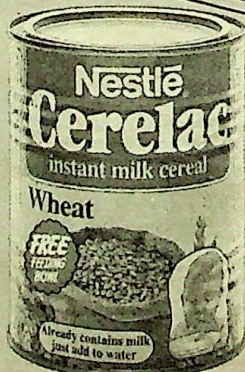
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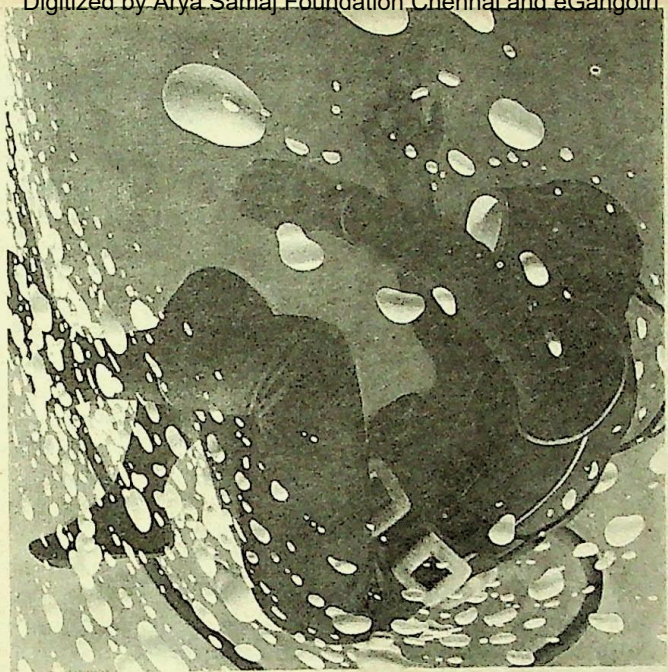


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ON THE JOB WITH A DEEP-WATER DIVER

BY GERALD MOORE

"Almost anybody can dive," says Al Bennett.
"The question is: how many can dive and stay healthy?"

MAINTENANCE engineers checking high-pressure gas lines running across the Mississippi River bottom at Natchez, Mississippi, saw bubbles breaking the river's swift, muddy surface. A 30-centimetre-wide pipe, one of hundreds fanning out

ILLUSTRATION JOHN RUSH

from Louisiana's natural-gas fields on the Gulf of Mexico, had ruptured somewhere below the surface, releasing huge quantities of highly flammable gas. Within a short time, Al Bennett was on the job.

A 45-year-old commercial diver with 20 years' experience, Bennett remembers how he drove from his comfortable home in a New Orleans suburb in the spring of 1976, thinking about how to find the leak in the 800-metre-long submerged pipe. He knew that formidable obstacles faced him.

The lower Mississippi, which can pour over 57,000 cubic metres of water *every second* into the Gulf, lets little get in its way. Currents here can sweep huge trees, boats, boulders and tons of silt along its bottom. To resist this current, engineers had laid the pipeline in a trench dug across the river bottom, and bolted a series of 136-kilo metal weights every few metres around it to hold it down. Bennett knew that the toughest part of his job would be getting to the pipe and staying there long enough to work. The 11 kph of current would feel like a 320-kph wind.

He took a small boat out to a work barge where a project engineer briefed him. In an earlier attempt to locate the leak, a diver's lifeline had been ripped from his suit by the current. Luckily, his air hose held just long enough for

tenders to get him back on board.

Bennett suggested that he ride a concrete pipeline weight to the bottom. While he got into his diving suit, the barge crew hoisted two 1,900-kilo concrete blocks on a huge crane. Climbing on to the weights, Bennett gripped a down line and signalled the operator to lower away.

When he hit the cold, swift water, the current nearly ripped him free. Descending in total darkness, Bennett held fast. His plan was to touch bottom upriver from the pipeline. He hoped the 45-kilo weight belt he wore would hold him down long enough for the current to drag him along the bottom to the pipe.

Cutting Edge. Bennett felt the concrete blocks touch bottom. He eased his way on to the mud, told his crew via the communications line to haul up the weights, and let go of the down line. Loose, he was tumbled and bounced along until he sank into a depression in the mud that sheltered him from the current. By a combination of luck and good planning, he had slid into the crater created by the leaking gas.

Feeling his way, Bennett explored the area until he touched a razor-sharp object that ripped his glove. If he was swept into this giant razor, his suit might be torn or his air hose cut. Reaching out cautiously, he slowly ascertained that he was near one of the 136-

kilo pipeline weights. The constant action of sand beating against the welding had cut the gas pipe half-way through, leaving its edges sharp as a knife. Gas shot through the opening.

Bennett had found the leak. Now he could describe the damage to engineers on the surface. And, judging from the angle of the crane line newly connected to Bennett's diving hose, the engineers could determine the general location of the leak. All Bennett had to do was avoid getting cut severely as he shackled the crane line around the pipe for its trip to the surface and repair.

His work completed, he crawled to the crater's edge, stood up, and was seized immediately by the current. He hurtled downriver, but was slowly lifted above the bottom as his lifeline, acting like a kite string, swung him towards the surface. He held on with all his strength while six men on the barge hauled him in. "Just another job," he said later.

Bennett readily accepts the risks of his job. But he won't dive unless he can trust the men on whom his life depends. For safety, he maintains an extensive file on diving tenders, the men who work the hoses. He believes that poor support on the surface is what gets most divers killed. That and poor equipment. A few searing experiences have confirmed the wisdom of his prudence.

Some years ago, diving from an offshore oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico, he noticed two oil tanks on the platform near five or six welders, whose torches were throwing off streams of sparks. Bennett phoned his wife, Carol, and told her he was leaving the job and why. Next morning, driving home, he heard on the radio that a terrible explosion on that rig had just killed several workers.

Deadly Mistake. Bennett has saved others' lives too. Once, resting from a dive, he realized that the radio intercom serving an underwater diver had suddenly started to gurgle. He raced to the man's lifeline and hauled him up. "What was happening?" Bennett asked. "I was drowning, that's all," the diver replied.

When a small work-boat was run down in the river by an ocean-going tanker, Bennett fought through the debris and brought out the only survivor—a man who had been trapped in a tiny air pocket for seven and a half hours.

At another time, Bennett was reminded of the consequences of even a single mistake. Called to a job at a chemical plant downriver from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Bennett searched underwater in an empty one-metre-wide pump shaft for tools left by an ill-fated diver. Preparing to surface, he felt the bottom for anything he might have dropped. His hand struck something he quickly identified

as a diver's foot. Only hours before, a young diver had entered the water too near the pump and was sucked inside it. The crew attending him had listened in helpless horror as the huge pump momentarily changed pitch, then relentlessly resumed its deep, confident roar as it continued to suck in 150,000 litres of river water per minute to cool the plant.

Such experiences have led Bennett to insist on some things. For example, if he is cutting a rope tangled in a boat's propeller, he has the keys to the engine in his pocket. "The watch can change and the old watch can forget to tell the new one that a diver is working on the propeller," he explains.

Bennett was born and raised in Columbus, Ohio. As a boy he was a marathon swimmer, but little else suggested that he would become a diver. He married Carol when they were both quite young, and took a routine job at the city water works. Five years later, he recalls, he saw an ad for a California diving school. Giving up his job, Al, then 23, enrolled in a school of deep-sea diving. Three months later he had qualified as a deep-sea diver, and was en route to New Orleans, where Hurricane Hilda had created a lot of work for divers.

Bennett's first job was on the Blue Water, the first semi-submersible drilling rig in the

Gulf. Hilda had sunk the rig 113 kilometres offshore in 80 metres of water, and Bennett worked with 15 other divers to refloat it.

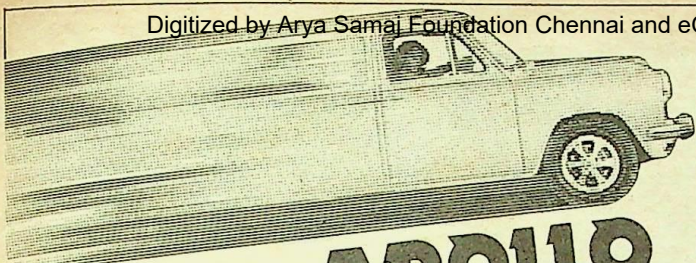
"It was as strange as going to the moon," he remembers. "We had floodlights rigged 55 metres down. At night I could see weird shadows of divers."

During that job, Bennett says, a devilfish, a three-metre-wide monster, rode the crew's diving bell to the surface. The fish weighed half a tonne, and the divers inside the bell refused to come out until the crew had pried it loose.

"That was an exciting time," Bennett says. "When we finished floating the Blue Water, I knew I wanted to keep on diving."

He was at the right place at the right time. The explosion in offshore drilling was just escalating. Eventually it put 3,100 standing platforms on the Gulf, some pumping as many as 60 wells.

Working with killer machines became a common part of Bennett's day. Air lifts, 30-centimetre pipes attached to a compressor by an air hose and powered by a 250 horsepower diesel engine, suck rocks and dirt from the bottom like a vacuum cleaner. But they can also suck the blood out of a man's arm or leg in a second. Blasters, which shoot out powerful jets of water to knock barnacles and rust off metal surfaces, can cut a man in two. Bennett treats these



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Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation Chennai and eGangotri tools with respect. "Almost anybody can dive," he says. "The question is: how many can dive and stay healthy?"

Improving the Odds. To give himself every possible advantage, Bennett neither smokes nor drinks. "I see guys go down hung over and make mistakes," he says.

Big trouble comes when an air hose breaks or becomes entangled and a diver, breathing a mixture of oxygen and helium, has to surface immediately. He may develop decompression sickness from excess nitrogen that builds in his blood, which can cause blindness, paralysis or death. Normally, a two-to three-hour staged ascent is required. This is Bennett's meditation time. Dangling 30 metres down in the blue Gulf, waiting for his body to clear out the nitrogen, he often takes out his knife for a little carving of shells, bone or ivory. An almost poetic contrast to his job, the pause gives him time to enjoy the sea around him.

Bennett sometimes participates in saturation diving. He and one or two other divers remain in a

controlled pressurized environment for up to four weeks—thus eliminating the need for long decompression cycles. They enter a "saturation unit" on a barge anchored over their work. By passing through pressurized hatches, they can go below to work and return to the chambers to eat and sleep. So far Bennett has resisted the urge to join colleagues who work in the North Sea, diving in sub-zero temperatures at depths of up to 300 metres wearing specially heated suits. He prefers the relatively warm waters of the Gulf.

Without men like Bennett, the offshore-oil industry might not exist. For all the marvellous technology that allows companies to extract oil from the ocean floor, the final, essential details have to be done by human hands. But Bennett doesn't see the job as heroic or even romantic.

"We are nothing but ordinary working men. But," he says mischievously, "we do have a unique way of getting to and from work."



Round-About Way

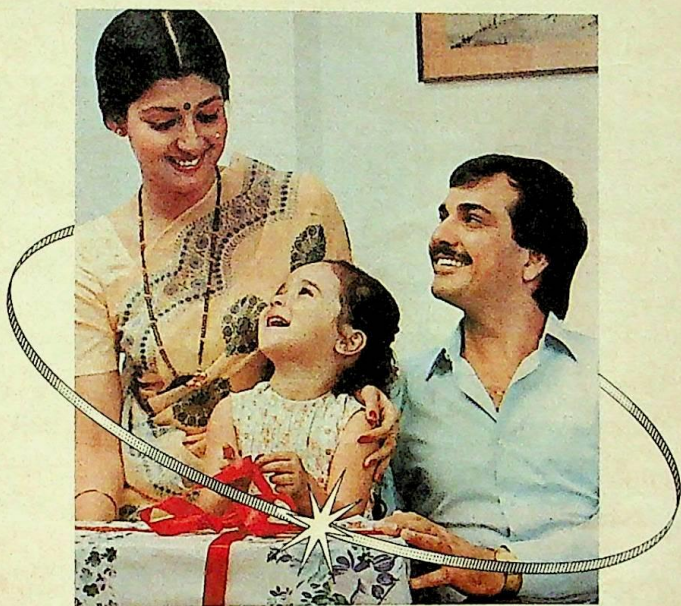
A FRIEND of mine was in the hospital awaiting the arrival of her first baby and I telephoned the hospital to see if she had had her baby yet. The nurse said she had. I asked if it was a boy or girl and was told it was against hospital policy to give this information over the phone.

"Fine," I said. "I can understand that. But can you tell me what she didn't have?"

"It wasn't a boy," came the reply.

—Lynn MacDonald

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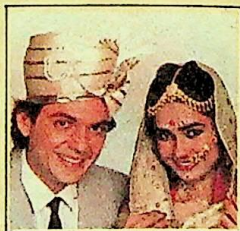
Mrs. Vaidya
Age 52
Housewife



My sweetest memories will always include the time when Kishore and I were newly-weds. To us it was the beginning of a beautiful life we still share together. And our first dream to come true, was the day we moved into our own home. It was the proudest day of our lives. It was also the day we bought our first Godrej Storwel.



Then God blessed us with a lively baby boy. Nothing could dampen those twinkling little eyes and his mischievous smile. We named him Anand. And the day he took his first step was also the day we bought our second Godrej Storwel.

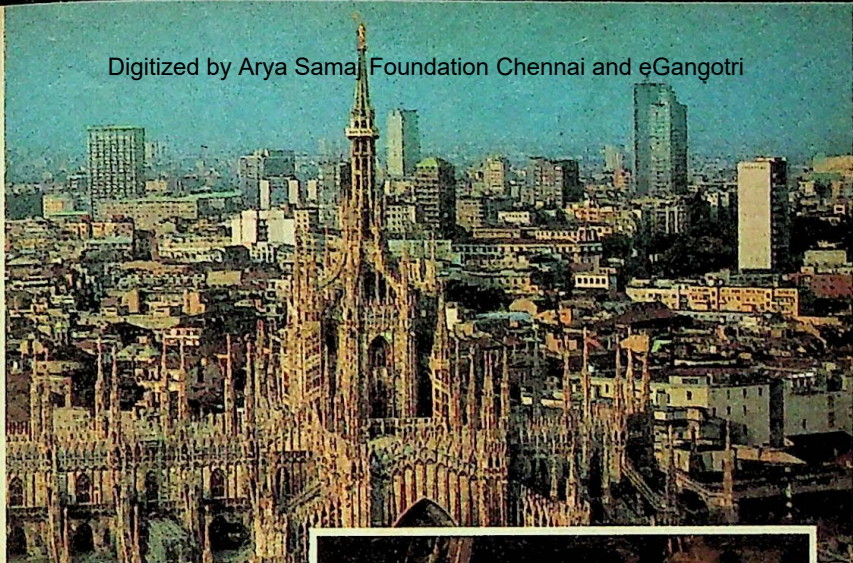


How time flies! The pitter-patter of those little feet soon turned to the sure footed steps of a handsome young man. And when he married, to Kishore and me it was like looking back in time to our own wedding day. Of course, we gave them a gift of a lifetime—a Godrej Storwel.

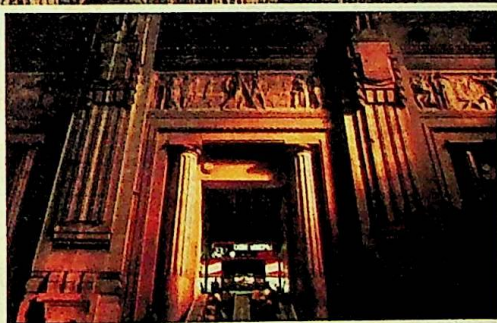


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The Madonnina on top of the Duomo, once the highest point in the city



Right: The somewhat "kitsch" façade of the railway station

My Milan

BY CARLO CASTELLANETA

Here is a city wary of revealing itself, but one that is happy to be discovered, surrendering itself bit by bit to those who love it

WHEN PEOPLE ask me whether I think Milan is beautiful or ugly, my answer is that I can't judge that of the

city I was born and brought up in. I don't think it's beautiful. But it is interesting. And when you fall in love with an "interesting" woman,



Above: A view of the Parco Sempione

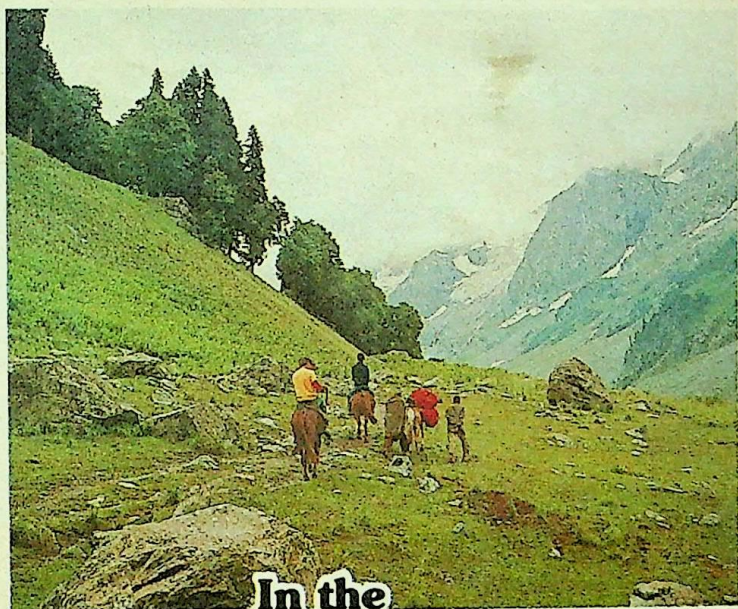
Left: A typical galleried courtyard of a building along the Naviglio Canal



it's far worse than falling in love with a beautiful one—your feelings are less controllable because you even love her for her unpleasant voice and her wrinkles.

Milan is a sort of melting pot, an enormous cement mixer where beauty and ugliness mix and regenerate, a kneading machine that turns out *panettoni* (Milanese cake) and platforms, monuments and skyscrapers.

Milan is secretive, modest, not diffident but cautious, wary of revealing itself. But it is happy to be discovered, surrendering itself bit by bit and only to those who love it



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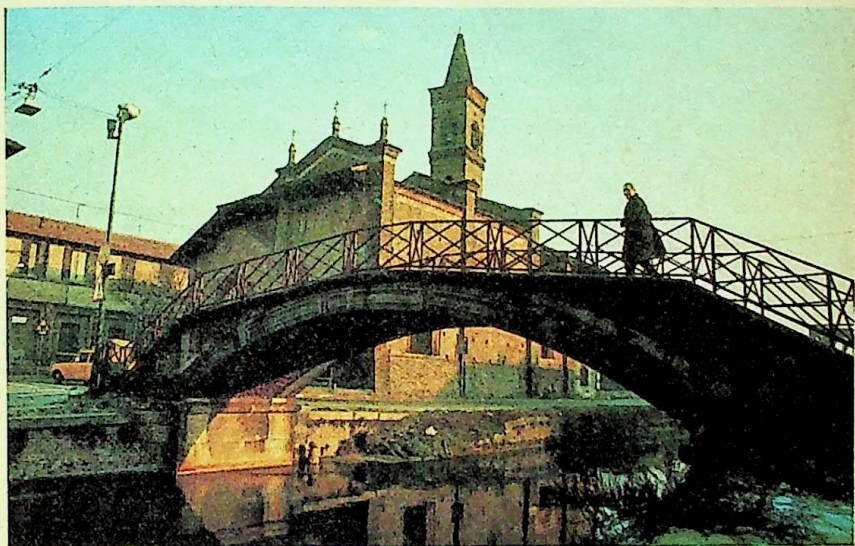
Bakeman's Cream Crunch.
Just one bite—and you'll know!




Bakeman's
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Cream Crunch

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Above: The Church of St Cristoforo is romantically reflected in the Naviglio

Right: Carnival in the Brera quarter

dearly. You need only stop in front of a doorway in some streets, to see for yourself enchanting shady courtyards, timeless islands standing witness to the city's characteristic reserve. It isn't easy for a stranger to be admitted into its homes, but once he's been asked in he can count on a lasting welcome.

What's so attractive about Milan is the strange sensation that things happen here *before* they happen elsewhere. It's enough to flick through any history book to realize this. This is where the Italian Enlightenment and the early workers' associations were born. At

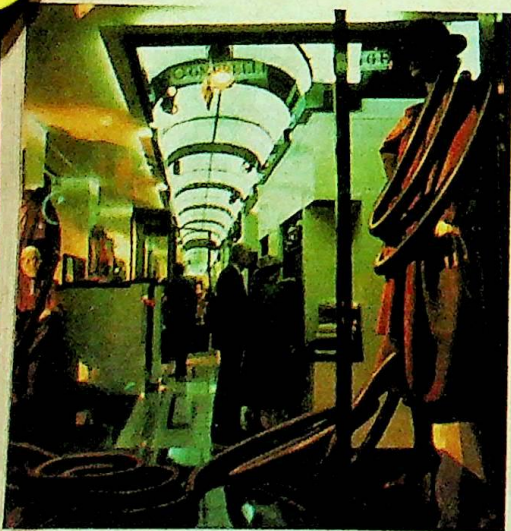


the turn of the century, futurism was born in the Galleria at the tables of the Savini restaurant. Shortly afterwards, fascism came into being at the Chamber of Commerce in Piazza San Sepol-



The Via della Spiga, one of the most exclusive streets in the city

The show window of a smart boutique in Via Monte Napoleone



cro. Finally Red terrorism took its first steps in Milan.

Although Milan changes, it does so without devouring itself and its past. The ancient heart of the city beats in the almost perfectly preserved area bordering the Naviglio Canal, along its fog-swept banks, in the old shops of the *borgo*, in the courtyards lining the towpaths, on the iron balconies of houses.

Here there's still tangible evidence of the old city: taverns, pergolas, 19th-century shop signs, galleries filled with geraniums and craftsmen who speak dialect. Here, too, are curious tourist attractions, such as the Church of San Cristoforo, the patron saint of travellers, where the cars of

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Old Spice the mark of a man

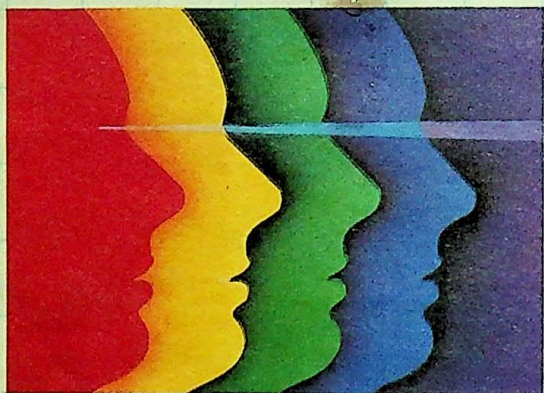


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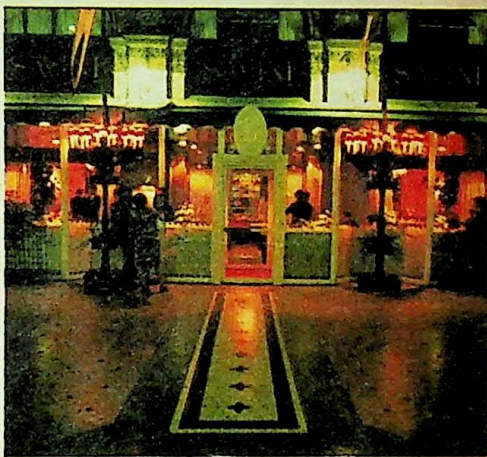
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Milanese drivers are blessed on the third Sunday of June.

In the history of a city there are aspects of life that disappear and then return years later and others that don't come back at all. In Milan, unfortunately, one of the latter is the abundance and fame of its cafés, which until the 19th century played an important social role. They were the stage for civil and political events, for conspiracies by the patriots against the Austrians and for artistic contests. Not to mention the coffee houses, which boasted a great tradition in Milan until the 1920s.

My childhood memories are filled with open-air cafés with tables in the streets and squares, and if there's one complaint I have to make about my home city it's that



The Savini restaurant, where celebrities meet

Inside the world-renowned Scala Theatre



cake shops are increasingly being replaced by banks, and cafés by department stores. The growing success of bars as opposed to coffee houses is determined by a North American rather than a Middle European influence. So, from this point of view, Milan is more like New York than Paris. A quick cup of coffee at the counter and then you're on your way.

The best place left for a stroll is Brera, almost as if the art gallery that gives the area its name invited passers-by to slow their pace, just as you do inside a gallery itself. It's a very small area, with bars open until late at night, cultural circles and specialized bookshops. There is, of course, a touch of snobbishness in choosing this working-class area for smart boutiques. But this is its very attraction, the fact that you find alongside each other, a boutique and a restaurant, a junk shop and a real antique shop, a bar where artists meet and, alas, a street corner full of drug addicts.

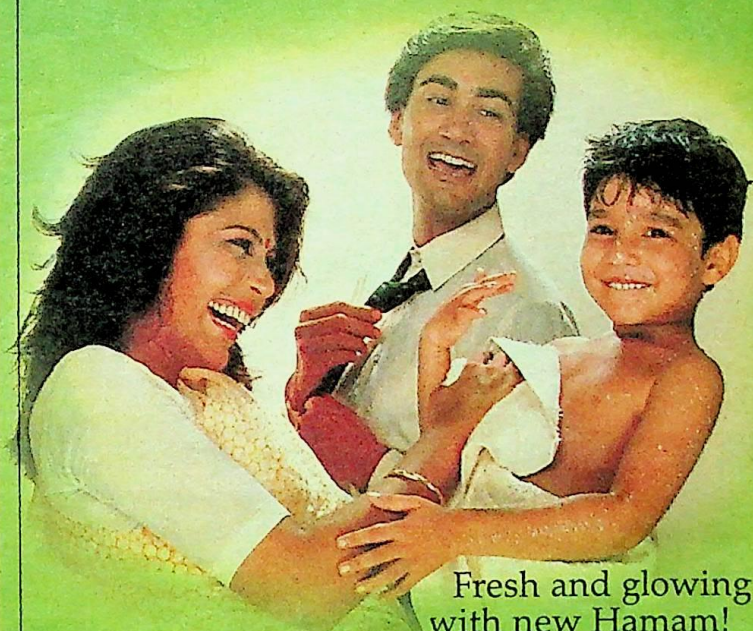
But what is perhaps the city's most distinctive feature is its love for *negotium* (which in Latin means occupation, commerce, practical activity). Without this vocation for business the Milan Trade Fair—the symbol not only of the city's industry but of Lombard industriousness itself—would never have been born. I am talking of the laborious doggedness and the love for an expertly finished

product that many centuries ago had already made the city the centre for the best blades, spurs and armour in Europe, and today makes it the undisputed capital of the fashion industry.

The city prides itself on its shop windows selling articles "signed" by leading designers, and shops that start by opening in Via Monte Napoleone and its near-by streets and then spread to London or New York. What makes a Milanese shop stand out? I think it's a certain way of presenting the goods and attracting the eye without ever being vulgar. With elegance but without ostentation, with restraint, discretion, with the style of a real lady. You find this in the displays of jewellers, boutiques and even car showrooms.

Proud of being the capital of business, conferences and trade fairs, and glorying in its professionalism and the perfection of its craftsmanship, Milan has never properly looked after its cultural image. If anything, culture has always followed behind, pulled by technology, to interpret and give meaning to what was taking place inside the factory.

In this rough and dynamic nature perhaps lies the origin of the attachment to Milan that grows over time in those who, born elsewhere, choose to live here. As for myself, who was born here, I couldn't live in any other place in the world.



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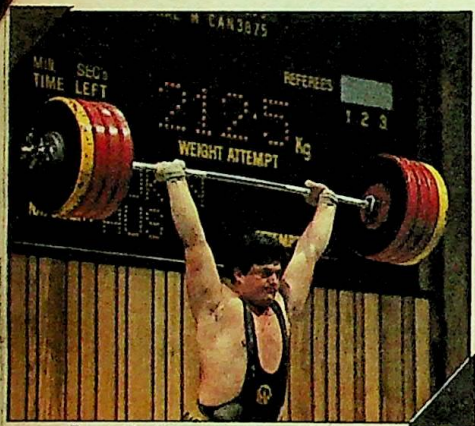
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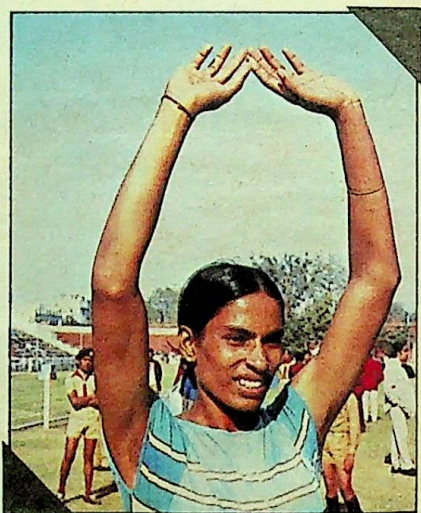
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FOUR FOR THE GOLD



Dean Lukin

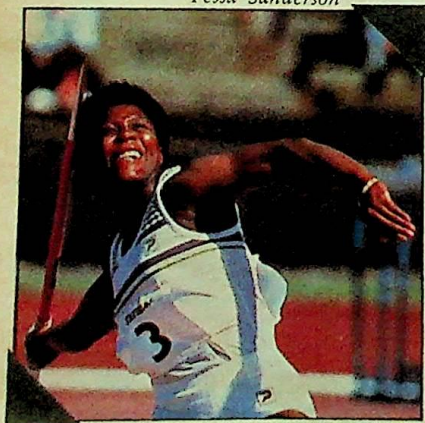
ACTION GRAPHICS



P.T. Usha

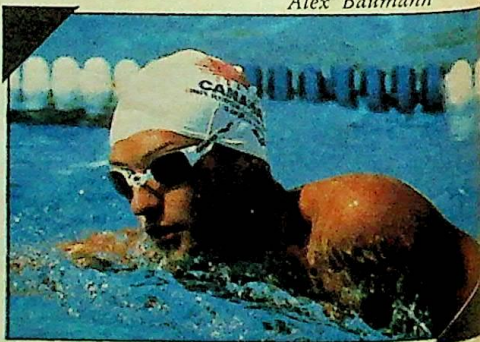
P.S. GIROTA

Tessa Sanderson



ALLSPORT/TREVOR JONES

Alex Baumann



AIB/CANADIAN OLYMPIC ASSOCIATION

For ten days beginning July 24, the 13th Commonwealth games in Edinburgh, Scotland, will bring together more than 2,600 athletes from 58 nations. To compete in these events requires intensive training, driving dedication and a fierce will to excel.

Here are four athletes, from different parts of the Commonwealth, who exemplify these qualities

INDIA'S HURDLER

P.T. USHA

As THE giant scoreboard kept replaying the breathtaking finish of the women's 400-metre hurdles final in the 1984 Olympic Games, 20-year-old P.T. Usha choked back her tears. She'd been beaten to fourth place by the narrowest of margins. Just 0.01 of a second had prevented her from becoming the first Indian woman to win an Olympic medal. "Next time," she vowed, "I'll do better."

Striving to do better next time has always been the aim of this dark, slender daughter of a small clothshop owner, ever since she began her athletics career with a scholarship to the Cannanore Sports School nearly a decade ago. As she and some 40 other girls went through their daily four-hour regimen of cross-country runs, sprints and jumps, coach Madhavan Nambiar realized that Usha was a tremendously dedicated athlete. "Even at that age," recalls Nambiar, now her personal coach,

"Usha had a passion for winning."

At the age of 16, Usha became the fastest woman in India, setting national records in the 100- and 200-metre sprints. And at her international debut at a 1980 athletics meet in Pakistan she won two gold medals. But a bout of malaria before the 1982 New Delhi Asian Games disrupted her training and she finished second in the two sprints.

Although Usha had few peers in Asia, her sprint times were not world class. But her height, long strides, smooth acceleration and tremendous finish suggested that she could make it right to the top in longer races such as the 400 metres. To build up her stamina, Nambiar devised a new training schedule for her — running long distances on sand, in ankle-deep water, and up hills.

Soon Usha was setting up records in her new event and won the gold at a 1983 international track meet in Kuwait. Confident now that intermediate distances suited her better, Usha decided to enter

the 400-metre hurdles in the 1984 Olympics. "This was the first time the event was being held at the Olympics," Usha recalls, "and with hard work I was sure I stood a very good chance."

Despite not getting a medal at Los Angeles, Usha is a leading contender for the hurdles gold at Edinburgh. Under Nambiar's watchful eye she has been training for several hours a day these last few months. Coach and pupil have a close relationship. "I consider her my daughter," Nambiar says. On her part, Usha is so keen to work with Nambiar that she recently declined a University of Nebraska sports scholarship.

Will she pull it off at Edinburgh? Usha, ever modest, smiles shyly. "I'll do my best," is all that she'll say.

— V. Gangadhar

CANADIAN SWIMMER ALEX BAUMANN

WHEN ALEX BAUMANN won the 400-metre individual medley at Los Angeles, he earned Canada's first Olympic gold medal in men's swimming since 1912, setting a world record of 4 minutes, 17.41 seconds for the gruelling combination of butterfly, backstroke, breast stroke and freestyle. While teammates chanted his name, the Czechoslovakian-born swimmer tossed Frisbees into the crowd.

A few days later, he swam the

200-metre individual medley in 2 minutes, 1.42 seconds — for another world record, another gold, another Frisbee toss. It was the highest high yet in the triumphant career of Alex Baumann, whose family settled in Sudbury, Ontario, when he was five.

As a 17-year-old he went to a Canada-USSR-West Germany meet in Heidelberg in 1981 with more than a dozen Canadian and Commonwealth records to his credit. There he smashed his own Commonwealth record en route to victory in the 400-metre medley. Then he bettered the world 200-metre medley mark by nearly half a second — as good as a country mile in a sport where victories are measured in hundredths of seconds. After a decade of hard work and sacrifice, he could say he was among the world's best.

But the Heidelberg victory was costly. Baumann had earlier injured his right shoulder, and now the pain became intolerable. He doubted he'd ever swim again competitively.

At Laurentian University to study political science, Baumann began a long and difficult series of exercises developed by his coach, Professor Jeno Tihanyi. By spring 1982, he was back in the pool, apprehensive about his shoulder but eager to compete.

No one could have predicted so complete and dramatic a recovery. That autumn, in Brisbane,

Baumann stunned the swimming world by breaking the Commonwealth Games record in the 400-metre medley, and trimming 0.53 seconds off his world record in the 200 metres.

At the 1983 World University Games in Edmonton he won two gold medals in the individual medleys, a silver in the 400-metre relay medley, and three bronzes in free-style events. In Canada's 1984 Olympic Trials, he lowered the world record for the 400-metre medley by an astounding 2.08 seconds, warming up for his smashing performance at Los Angeles.

Coach James Counsilman of Indiana University, renowned for his work with such champions as Mark Spitz, says of Baumann: "He has to be considered the greatest all-round swimmer ever."

— David Dunbar

BRITISH JAVELIN THROWER TESSA SANDERSON

FOR THREE hours every day, except for one free Saturday a fortnight, Tessa Sanderson, Britain's 30-year-old Olympic gold medallist javelin thrower, goes through her training routine. It is punishing: running, stretching, hurling a heavy, stuffed-leather medicine ball, bouncing in knees-bent bunny hops, lifting weights that most men would swear were nailed to the ground.

Tessa's friendly nature and

laughing manner barely conceal a rock-hard determination to succeed at anything she tackles. The sideboard in her home in Leeds, Yorkshire, groans under its display of medals, including her cherished gold from the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics — the first ever won by a British javelin thrower. Close by lies the Commonwealth gold she won eight years ago. In Edinburgh she aims to convert it into a matched pair.

Since she arrived in Britain from her native Jamaica as a wide-eyed eight-year-old, Tessa's fight to the top has had setbacks: to make the perfect javelin throw she has just 15 strides to weld complex movements of heel, thigh and shoulder into a perfectly flowing whole. Keyed up at the 1980 Moscow Olympics, she spoilt her chances. In one throw she put a disqualifying toe over the line; in another she failed to make her javelin land point first. A year and a half later, in a training run, she ruptured her Achilles tendon, fell on her throwing arm and broke it.

That put Tessa out of action for more than a year, but when the 1984 Olympics came around, she was ready. Her first-round throw of 69.56 metres was a winner.

Two weeks after her starry-eyed return from Los Angeles, Tessa lost her job when her employers, a video company, went out of business. While other athletes gained lucrative advertising sponsorships,

no big offers came her way. Recalls Tessa: "I felt like chucking it all in."

But she didn't. To earn her living and help out her unemployed steel-worker father and her hairdresser mother, she formed her own promotion company, which finds her work modelling clothes and appearing on television. She also does voluntary charity work.

Still laughing, bouncing fit, Tessa has had two major ambitions. One is to change next year to the Heptathlon, the seven-fold event she believes could bring her another Olympic medal in Seoul in 1988.

The other: "To go back to the Caribbean and put back what I've taken out by encouraging sport among the island kids."

— John Ennis

AUSTRALIAN WEIGHT-LIFTER DEAN LUKIN

THE DEAN OF POWER was how sportswriters described Dean Lukin, a 22-year-old tuna fisherman from Port Lincoln, South Australia, when he won the super-heavy weight-lifting gold medal at the 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane. Lukin's clean-and-jerk lift, 221 kilos, set a Commonwealth record, making him one of the two strongest men in the Western world.

Lukin owes much of his fierce determination to his father, Dinko,

who came to Australia from Yugoslavia in 1956 to seek his fortune. After working dawn to dusk in tropical sugar fields, often carrying 200 kilos of cane on his back, Dinko bought a fishing boat, and moved to South Australia. Helping out during school holidays, Dean, already a young giant, astounded the crew with his strength and endurance. Hour after hour he hauled out tonnes of tuna on his fishing pole.

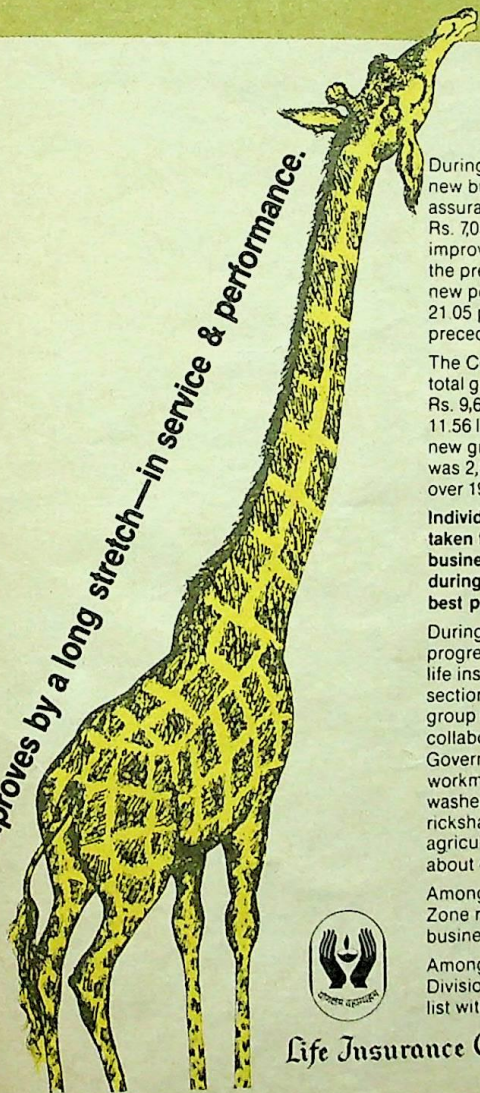
When he was 15 years old (and 100 kilos in weight) Dean caught the eye of weight-lifting coach Leon Holme. Training, in a makeshift tin-shed gym, Lukin won national junior and schoolboy titles, and came ninth in the 1978 world junior titles in Athens.

But while his coach and weight-lifting officials have urged total dedication, Lukin has always said that his destiny is to chase the elusive bluefin tuna and that weight-lifting is a hobby. Every summer, to constant dismay, he stops training to test his strength against the fish. Australian Amateur Weight-Lifting Federation executive director Bruce Walsh comments, "Lukin has achieved amazing results, but his training methods would never be tolerated in the Eastern-block countries."

Yet Lukin continues to answer his critics. While preparing for the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics, he hoisted new Australian and Com-

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During 1985-86 LIC's completed new business (individual assurance) in India of Rs. 7059.47 crores was an improvement of 31.3 per cent over the previous year. The number of new policies was 32.82 lakhs, up 21.05 per cent over the preceding year.

The Corporation completed total group business of Rs. 9,613.76 crores covering 11.56 lakh lives. The total number of new group schemes during 1985-86 was 2,832, an increase of 20 per cent over 1984-85.

Individual and group insurance, taken together, accounted for new business of Rs.16,673.23 crores during 1985-86 — the Corporation's best performance so far.

During the year considerable progress was achieved in extending life insurance to the weaker sections of society. A major group scheme was introduced in collaboration with the Tamil Nadu Government covering unorganised workmen such as barbers, washermen, hand- cart pullers, rickshaw pullers, carpenters, agricultural labourers, etc., covering about 4 lakh rural poor.

Among LIC's five zones, the Eastern Zone registered the highest business growth rate—35 per cent.

Among the 43 divisions, the Cuttack Division in Eastern Zone topped the list with a growth rate of 64.6 per cent.



Life Insurance Corporation of India

monwealth records. In winning the Olympic gold medal — Australia's first in weight-lifting — he lifted 240 kilos in the clean-and-jerk event, the equivalent of raising three grown men above his head. His total lift, including a snatch of 172.5 kilos, was an astonishing 34 kilos more than his gold-medal winning effort in Brisbane.

Says the normally genial Lukin, "I hate the weights. I feel as though

I want to tear them apart, to destroy them." Added to this is his father's guidance: "No matter how big the mountain, if you hammer away it will eventually break."

With the fishing season over, Lukin has trained hard since May. Says Leon Holme, "His approach is unusual, but he's right on schedule. He'll be going all out for that second Commonwealth gold medal."

— Paul Rea



Short-Sighted

MY AGED mother was badly in need of new spectacles. When she read the newspaper, she had to keep changing the distance at which she held it. We finally persuaded her to see the optician. When she put on her new spectacles, she picked up the newspaper, but threw it down at once. "Well, you've had your way," she said angrily. "Now I have new spectacles and they've decided to print the newspaper in much bigger letters. What a waste of money."

— W.J. van Deutekom

For Safety's Sake

IN HIS autobiography *Clinging to the Wreckage*, John Mortimer explains the source of his title:

A man with a bristling grey beard came and sat next to me at lunch. He had very pale blue eyes and an aggressive way of speaking. He began at once, and without any preliminary introduction, to talk about yachting in the English Channel.

"But isn't it very dangerous, your sport of yachting?"

"Not dangerous at all, provided you don't learn to swim. I made up my mind, when I bought my first boat, never to learn to swim."

"Why was that?"

"When you're in trouble, if you can swim you try to strike out for the shore. You invariably drown. As I can't swim I cling to the wreckage and they send a helicopter out for me. That's my tip, if you ever find yourself in trouble, cling to the wreckage!"

It was advice that I thought I'd been taking for most of my life.

— Published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London

Book Section

Vet In Green Pastures

By Hugh Lasgarn



Vet In Green Pastures

By Hugh Lasgarn

"Herefordshire was everything a country vet could wish for," writes Hugh Lasgarn of his early days in that gloriously scenic county in western England where he still practises. At locations that varied from animal-warm cowsheds to stately homes and windswept hillsides, he was called upon to treat a multitude of creatures. And often the species that presented the most unpredictable challenge to his skills was human: his patients' owners.

Here, in an affectionate portrait of rural England, Hugh Lasgarn recalls his case histories—fascinating tales of humour, tragedy and triumph.

IDROVE out of Ledingford, a fine old Herefordshire market town in the Wye Valley. As I headed along the country lanes to see a client, Mr Paxton, I pondered the remarks of my fellow-vet, Ignatius McBean.

I had only just qualified; this was merely my second day in the practice. McBean, though, had known the clients for years. He warned me: "Paxton is very in-

fluent, wealthy, and a wicked devil to work for! To him, everything is a dire emergency. This time it's his best cow, no less, with a swelling on her jaw. Big-Head Paxton thinks it is an abscess. He always knows better than anyone else."

McBean, a stocky Belfast Irishman, added comfortingly: "Don't get upset by his attitude. Remember, you've trained for five

years." Even so, my confidence was about to be tested.

Paxton's home, Donhill Court, stood grandly on a ridge about 400 metres from the road. The farm, set apart from the house, was a show-piece: not a door unpainted or the remotest smell of livestock. I swung my car into the open yard and my eye caught Paxton talking aggressively to Mason, his stockman. Paxton wore a bowler hat, black city coat with a rose in the buttonhole and shining black shoes. He grasped a silver-topped cane which he tapped persistently on the ground. When I introduced myself he scrutinized me, roaring: "How long have you been qualified?"

A testing question. I came back quickly. "Long enough."

"This won't do! I expect *experienced* service!" He glared at me. His great bushy eyebrows seemed to disappear in fiendish fashion under the bowler hat. But he ordered Mason: "Show him the cow."

I was ushered into a spotless box stall to find, standing knee-deep in golden straw, a placid Hereford cow with a lump the size of an apple on the right side of her face. "Oyster Maiden the Third," announced Mason.

"She's a champion." It was Paxton, leaning over the half-door. "Lance it deep and clean. I don't want any scar."

Mason, a thin-faced fellow, slip-

ped a rope halter over Oyster's head and pulled her around for me to examine the lump. The more I studied it the less keen I was to lance it. The chances of healing without a blemish would be slim. Aware of Paxton's pressure on me, I decided to play for time. "I'd like to feel inside the mouth," I said.

"You can see it's an abscess, man!" Paxton snapped. "What more do you want?"

I remembered McBean's advice: "No matter what back talk he gives you, you know more than he does." At that precise moment I wasn't too sure, but I was determined not to be rushed. "I'll get a gag from the car," I said.

Drinkwater's gag, as it is called, is an extremely useful piece of veterinary equipment. Made of aluminium, and fitting across the back of the jaws, it can save a vet's fingers from being badly bitten. While Mason held Oyster's head firmly with the halter, I slipped in the gag. She took it well, and after a bit of a shuffle, stood quietly with her mouth jammed open.

I put a hand in her mouth and made a most extraordinary discovery. My fingers were able to run right round the lump. When I pulled, it came away in my hand. I withdrew my arm to bring the object into sight.

"Abscess?" grunted Paxton, from behind me. "No," I said. I turned to face him and held up my find. "A tennis ball!" Paxton's



eyes nearly popped. "Where the hell...?"

"She's been grazing next to the tennis lawn," explained Mason hesitantly.

"Good job I didn't lance it," I said. I knew I was the winner.

PAXTON eventually calmed down, and after vowing that all games on the tennis lawn would stop forthwith, he instructed Mason

to show me Warrior.

Slowly Mason led across the yard the largest and most superb bull I had ever seen. One tonne of powerful muscle and surging blood, his deep mahogany coat contrasted sharply with the snowy white of his magnificent head. "Walk him around, Mason." Paxton waved his cane. "This is my stock bull. His pedigree goes back to the Grove herd. A Grove bull went to America and from him they bred half the cattle in Texas. Now have a good look at him. Tell me what you think."

I watched Warrior carefully as he moved ponderously about the yard. Then Paxton called: "Right! What have you to say?"

"Just a minute," I said. "Let me look closely at his feet." Warrior had thick folds of tender tissue

wedged between his back toes. The great bull raised one foot uneasily and shifted his weight. "Well?" said Paxton irritably.

"Corns!" I exclaimed.

"I know that!" The cane banged the ground again. "What do you suggest? As a brand new vet, have you any brilliant ideas?"

"Cut them out," I answered. I had never seen it done, but that is what they recommended at the university.

Paxton's face darkened. His jugulars bulged. "Are you mad?" he nearly screamed. "You're not taking a knife to that bull!" Mumbling fiercely to himself, he stumped off in anger.

Later that day, back at Ledingford, when I told McBean about Warrior he asked in astonishment: "How were you going to do it?" I said I would have used an anaesthetic.

McBean shook his head. "Too much of a risk with a bull that size, young man. Lord save us if Warrior should die while you're cutting his corns. It'll be 'Good-bye, Hugh.'" McBean was relieved that Paxton didn't seem even to consider my suggestion. "In this game," he advised, "always weigh the risks against the results. People take miracles for granted. They only remember you by your mistakes."

Thankfully I agreed that the tricky problem of Warrior's corns

was best forgotten. How was I to know that Mr Paxton thought otherwise?

Boggy and Blackie

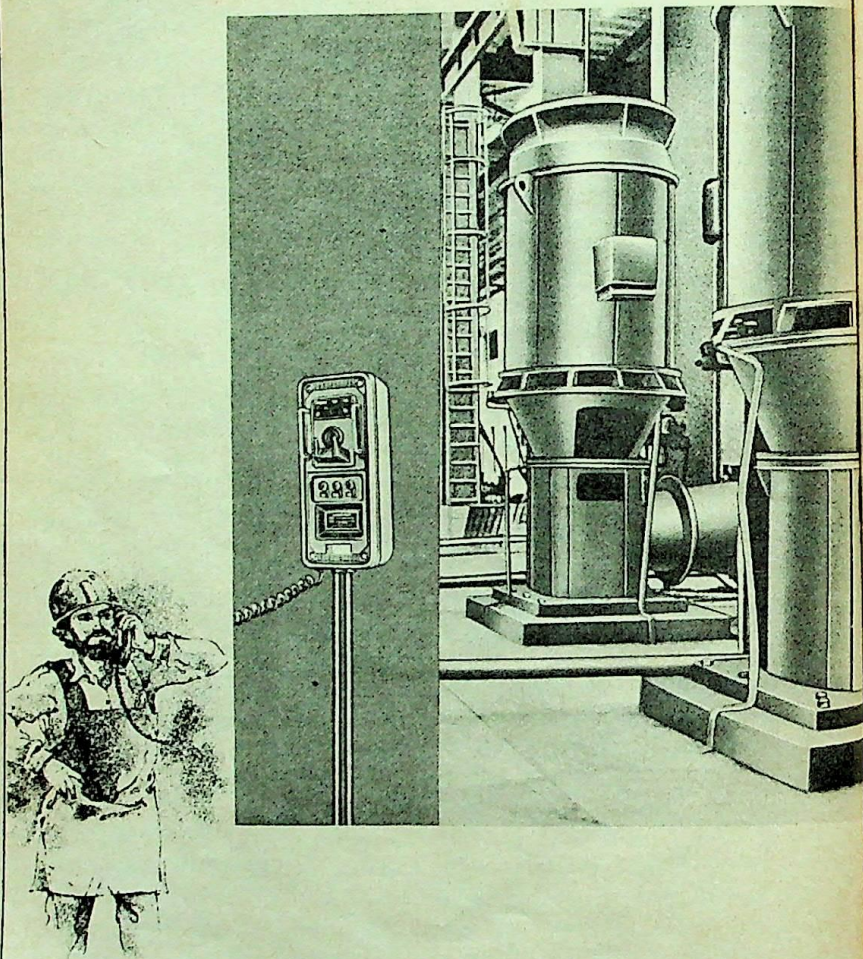
IT is not a love of animals that makes a vet, but rather concern for their feelings when sick, injured or frightened. Add to this the incentive to cure disease and ease suffering, and the courage to take a life when pain is beyond control, and you have the essential ingredients.

Two animals in particular helped to shape my veterinary ambitions. One was a ginger tom-kitten I rescued from the swirling waters of the river near Abergranog, the Welsh mining village where I was born. I must have been aged about seven—the Second World War had started—and I remember taking him home under my jersey and asking my mother if we could keep him.

"He might belong to someone," she said, stroking his wet coat.

"If no one says, can we?" I pleaded. And I knew no one would. In Abergranog in those hard times only two commodities were ever-plentiful. One was rhu-barb; the other, kittens.

I named my cat "Boggy" because I had rescued him near the Boggy Pipe, a conduit spanning the river. For two years, until his back was broken in a wire snare (I have hated snares ever since),



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Boggy and I were great pals. He never left my side except when I was at school. Then he would wait for me at the bottom of the lane, climb on to my shoulders and home we would go.

We were in the woods on the west slope of the valley one day when I heard a desperate squealing sound. It came from a young rabbit which Boggy had caught and was proudly bringing to me in his mouth.

"Let him go, Boggy!"

But Boggy stood firm. He growled at me as I grabbed at the rabbit and freed it. He wove from side to side, flicking the tip of his tail. That night I lay awake thinking about the incident. I could still see the aggression in Boggy's eyes and knew that at that moment we were not friends. I was his enemy. Boggy had introduced me to the grand companionship that animals can give; but he also taught me to respect their natural instincts.

The other animal who set me off on my veterinary career was Blackie, a cow at the farm that was at the back of our house. One Wednesday a German bomber approached the valley. The air-raid siren blew. School was abandoned and I set off home across the farm. I was half-way over a field, scuffling delightedly through the long grass, when I saw Blackie lying on her side. She seemed such an odd shape, her stomach blown up like a drum, and she was grunting huge

squirts of steam from her nose.

It was only when I drew very close that I noticed beneath her tail a large balloon, shimmering in the afternoon sun. I stood transfixed as it elongated, wriggled and writhed.

I was conscious of an aeroplane droning above but couldn't take my eyes off the balloon. It grew much bigger; the droning became louder. For a fleeting second a shadow covered us both. Then there was a "pop." The balloon burst, and amidst the rush of brown water the two small feet and head of a calf appeared.

Although I had never witnessed anything like it before, I didn't feel frightened or ill—just mesmerized. The feet moved up and down as if waving to me and the mouth partly opened to give out a watery bawling. I was in no doubt that the little creature was asking for help, so I squatted to take hold of one of the legs with both hands. The leg was warm and sticky, and had the wonderful feeling of life. It thrilled the whole of my tingling body.

I pulled gently and the little creature came forward even more. Both legs were now clear to the shoulders and the head was quite free. Suddenly Blackie gave two mighty heaves and out the calf came—all of it—wet and still bawling, its big brown eyes blinking in the light. I stayed to watch Blackie get up and lick her new-

born. Unbelievably quickly it tried to stand. I made a move to help but Blackie moaned at me, so I left it alone. Only when the All Clear siren sounded did I remember about the air raid and run home.

Subconsciously I had started on the trail to becoming a country vet. It led me to high school, where I played rugby, and worked hard at physics, chemistry and biology. Then I took a five-year course in veterinary science at Glasgow University.

Musical Alsatian

THE UNIVERSITY'S specially designed building was fine for teaching purposes, but attending to animals under more natural conditions, such as windswept fields and poorly lit barns, can be vastly different, so holidays had to be spent with a vet in what is termed "seeing practice." I was extremely fortunate to be taken on as a student by Christopher John Pink of Newpool, about 19 kilometres from Abergranog. "CJ", as he was popularly known, was a bustling, jovial Welshman in his fifties, grey-haired and balding, who treated all clients with the same respect and good humour. As soon as he arrived they relaxed, completely confident in his expertise.

"Communication is the key to success," he said, when I asked him his secret. "Animals, like humans, have feelings."

During my future years I was to see many vets in action, but none equalled CJ in communicating with patients. He was gentle but firm, talking all the time he was observing and examining. One couldn't help but believe, by his attitude, that the animal understood his every word.

A classic example of CJ's mastery of communication turned into an unforgettable experience for me. "We're going to see Mrs Webster, the landlady at the Black Lion," he announced one morning. "How well can you sing?"

The question took me aback. "Why?" I asked.

CJ chuckled, and as we set off for the Newpool docks in his old car he explained: "Mrs Webster's got an elderly Alsatian called Prince, partly blind and not very sociable. The first time I went to see him I couldn't get near the rascal. Mrs Webster said, 'Try singing.' Apparently when Alf, her late husband, sang to Prince, the dog let him do anything. I tried singing—and it worked like a charm."

"What's the trouble this time?"

"A bad paw. Won't let anybody touch it."

We stopped in a street where dockyard cranes and ships' funnels blocked out the skyline at the far end. I followed CJ into the Black Lion. The customers took no notice of us until Mrs Webster, the blonde behind the bar, called out:

"He's in the kitchen. Can you manage? I'm busy at the moment." Then she caught sight of me. "Does the young man know about Prince?" she asked nervously. "Yes," replied CJ. "Champion tenor from Abergranog. He'll have Prince eating out of his hand."

"Or eating his hand," said a man at the bar. "Rather you than me, boy."

We went along a narrow passage to the kitchen door. CJ handed me the medical bag and whispered: "As long as we don't stop singing he's all right. He doesn't mind what the words are. Now one, two, three..."

He placed his hand on the doorknob, we started singing and entered the kitchen. Instantly our singing triggered off ferocious barking. Prince was big, black and mean. His gaping jaws showed a set of dentures that would have done a tiger proud. CJ waved his palm upwards to indicate that increased volume was desirable. Prince came towards me, not casually, but with intention. CJ sang the song for all he was worth:

"I think we've got him where we want him. He likes you, keep singing the same tune. I'm sure he'll lie down in a minute. Just move the bag and let me have more room."

Prince made a wide circle, yawned and lay down full length. CJ sang me further instructions:

"Look, now, the right paw is quite swollen. I'll search and see what I can find. Just keep an eye upon his head, now. In case he goes for my behind."

But Prince had been lulled into a trance. As we sang and I watched CJ examine Prince's pad, I wondered if Glasgow University had ever considered singing an essential part of the veterinary curriculum.

CJ suddenly plucked his hand backwards. Between his fingers I saw a small sliver of wood. "This is the cause of all the trouble," he sang. *"Splinter from the boards upon the floor. In the bag you'll find a tube of ointment. And I'll put some on the septic sore."*

Finally CJ stood up to sing: *"Right, Hugh, now I think we've finished. Dressed it. I can't do any more. You're doing very well now, just keep singing. Then gently back out through the door."*

Prince still lay stretched out as we eased ourselves into the passage.

"That's communication," grinned CJ, shutting the door behind us. "You can stop singing. Come on, I'll buy you a beer."

Contest With Samson

JUST BEFORE my finals I learnt that my two years' National Service, which young men had to do in those post-war days, would be delayed until at least two months after I qualified. This was bad news; it prolonged the wait until I

could settle down in a practice. To help fill in the time between university and the Army I applied for, and got, a 30-day job as assistant to a Dr G.R. Hacker in Ledingford, Herefordshire. The terms were only £13 a week, plus the use of a car—but I would be able to satisfy my ambition. I was going to be a country vet!

Full of youthful enthusiasm I took the train to Ledingford. Dr Hacker had a stylish house in the town. The glass-panelled surgery door stuck when I first tried it. I gave it a push. Suddenly it flew open. Failing to notice the step down inside I plunged forward. My suitcase exploded its contents. And so it was on my knees, surrounded by shirts, underclothes and shoes, that I made my grand entry into veterinary practice.

I became aware of someone standing before me. My gaze ascended, taking in a tweed skirt, brown ribbed jumper and a frosty female face.

"I am Hugh Lasgarn, the new veterinary surgeon. I have been granted my degree and I am also, by election, a Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons." At least, that is what I *should* have said. Actually I muttered: "I've come to help out."

The woman sniffed. "I am Miss Billings, Dr Hacker Senior's secretary and receptionist. Dr Hacker Senior went into hospital last night for an operation. Both Dr

Hacker Junior and Dr McBean are on farm visits. And I have an emergency!"

"I'll handle it," I said manfully, having rammed my things back into my suitcase. I imagined a really big situation; horses injured, perhaps.

"It's a cat with a bone stuck in its mouth. Belongs to Mrs Jarvis. It's close by, you can walk there. Dr Hacker Senior always attends to Mrs Jarvis's cat personally, but as this is an emergency she will accept someone else."

Miss Billings fetched a smart leather case from an adjoining room. "Dr Hacker Junior will allocate your equipment when he returns. Meanwhile, this case belongs to Dr Hacker Senior. Take exceptional care of it."

Here I was, green as grass, going to my first emergency, armed with the case belonging to an illustrious and highly respected veterinarian. As she presented it to me I was tempted to shake her hand, such was the drama of the moment, but second thoughts prevailed.

Mrs Jarvis was a typical "little old lady," grey-haired, bespectacled and rather deaf. She had a sitting-room filled with pictures and ornaments. The most eye-catching feature was a long row of brass candlesticks on a shelf above the fireplace. There must have been 50 candlesticks in all, graduating from thumbnail sizes



at each end to a centrepiece 30 centimetres tall.

Her black cat Samson was not as large as his name implied, but he was sleek and agile. When Mrs Jarvis lifted him on to the table in the middle of the room for me I saw that his mouth was unnaturally half-open. Despite the inconvenience he hissed aggressively.

I grasped his scruff. "Are you all right?" I said loudly to Mrs Jarvis.

"Yes," she replied, her face grim with concentration. "I can

manage this end for you."

Samson moaned evilly as I depressed his lower jaw to reveal a thin spicule of fishbone jammed across the top of his mouth. This was no finger operation; Samson's teeth were needle-sharp. I was able to get a good grip on the bone with a pair of forceps but despite three tugs it wouldn't budge. "I don't think it's going to come," I commented.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs Jarvis, releasing her hold on

Samson. He needed no further invitation to escape. In a flash he jumped on to the sideboard. Framed photographs, jugs and ornaments went flying. Mrs Jarvis and I watched helplessly as with claw extended, Samson leapt for the curtains. His weight was too much for the rail. Down came the lot. Shooting a hateful glance at me, he soared through the air to land on the back of the armchair and looked at the mantelshef with all the candlesticks.

"Oh, no, Samson!" I shouted. "Not there!"

Executing a perfectly measured leap he ran the length of the shelf, peeling every candlestick from its perch. One by one they hit the cast-iron fender, pokers and tongs with an almighty clatter. When the pandemonium subsided and everything had stopped moving I discovered the villain sitting quietly beneath the table, cleaning his paws. To my profound amazement Mrs Jarvis was smiling.

"Thank you so much," she said. "Sorry he was naughty."

"But I haven't..." I started. Then, looking at the forceps, I saw the bone clamped between its jaws.

The devastation did not perturb Mrs Jarvis. She said she was going to get the candlesticks down for cleaning anyway, and it had saved her the bother. As I left she held up a small jar of pickled onions. "Do give Dr Hacker this," she said,

"and wish him all the best from Samson and me. I shall tell Dr Hacker how clever you were."

But Dr Hacker never knew, for although he survived the operation he suffered a relapse, and following a cardiac arrest he died that night.

Mountain Lore

DR HACKER'S tragic and completely unexpected demise made a great difference to my work at Ledingford. Miss Billings, who was terribly shocked, completely altered her attitude to me and became most helpful. Dr Hacker's son Bob was now head of the practice, and although when I returned to the surgery after the fishbone episode he introduced me to my Ford car, I saw little of him for the next fortnight. McBean took the lion's share of the cases while I handled straightforward ones such as coughing calves, pigs off their food and horses with mild colic. Apart from Mr Paxton, Warrior's irascible owner, I was readily accepted by the clients, who were so upset by the news of Dr Hacker that they never questioned my inexperience. I drove along the highways and byways, feeling on top of the world and encountering a glorious mix of humanity, as varied as the stock I treated.

It was during my second week that McBean told me: "Howell Powell has a lame cow needing

attention. He's in the Shepwall Valley. An odd character. Treats most animal ailments with his own personal remedies."

After checking the drugs, syringes and other equipment in the medical case given to me by Bob Hacker, I drove from Ledingford past the lush watermeadows south-west of the river and up into the Welsh Border country.

To reach Howell's isolated farm I had to drive along a narrow deeply rutted lane; my car's underside rubbed uneasily along the grassy central ridge. Powell, a gruff man wearing a tattered cap, had his cow in a stable. "Tried any treatment yourself?" I enquired.

"The sod," he said.

I told him I didn't understand. The large cow that stood before us seemed quite inoffensive. He smiled. "You never 'eard of the remedy for 'foul of the foot'? You cut a sod from the very spot where the sick beast plants the poisoned foot. Then, at night, when the moon is waning, you throw the sod high in a blackthorn tree." Howell shut his eyes. "As the sod disappears," he whispered, as if it were an incantation, "so will the foul disappear."

"But it didn't work?" I asked.

He retorted sourly: "Moon was wrong."

The cow was certainly lame. She rested very gingerly on the points of her left hind leg. "It's not swollen enough for foul," I

remarked, carefully touching the limb and foot.

"I want to get her on the floor, to examine the foot thoroughly," I explained. With Howell's help I tied the cow's halter to an iron ring in the wall. Next I made a running noose in a long wagon rope and placed it over her horns. The rest of the rope I looped around her neck, then around her body several times until she was tied up like a parcel, the free end of the rope trailing out between her hind legs. Bronwen, like Howell, seemed mystified by the whole performance.

When Howell and I pulled at the rope-end in unison, the cow sank to her knees. Her hind quarters wavered and she rolled gently on to one side. "Now there's a trick!" Howell muttered in amazement.

"It puts pressure on the spine," I said. "As long as you keep pulling, she can't get up."

I was cleaning the heel when my hoof knife grated against the head of a rusty nail. I pulled out the nail with my fingers. "It wasn't the moon that was wrong!" I called over my shoulder. "That old remedy is just an excuse," I chided. "It's a darn sight easier to sling a lump of mud into a blackthorn tree than to get a cow on her side."

ALTHOUGH the practice was mainly agricultural it held a surgery

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for domestic pets every evening at 6 pm. The first vet back from farm visits attended to the clients, and during my first fortnight I saw most of them. I tried to keep in mind C.J. Pink's maxim that "communication is the key to success" but felt that in Tom Blisset's case the lack of communication was between owner and pet.

Tom tugged a reluctant, sad-faced Alsatian into the consulting-room for my attention. "This here is Shaun," he said. "He's got a rash on his belly. I put some goose grease on him, but he kept a-lickin' it and making himself sick. Stupid dog!" He glowered at the poor creature, who hung his head appropriately.

It would have taken a small crane to get Shaun on to the examination table. "Will he roll over on the floor?" I asked.

"ROLL OVER, SHAUN!" roared Tom. But Shaun didn't budge. Then to my surprise, the "Master" laid his 100-kilo bulk on the floor, turned on his back and waggled his boots in the air. "Come on, Shaun. Like this!" he wheezed.

Shaun looked at me and his eyes said it all: "Stupid? Who, me?"

I decided to try a little common courtesy. I said to Shaun, "Roll over, please." Without any further bidding the dog lay down alongside Tom and gave me an ample view of his affected abdomen. He was suffering from a mild eczema.

"You can both get up now," I said when I had finished my examination. Tom, with considerable puffing and blowing, regained a standing position. Shaun still lay recumbent. "GET UP, SHAUN!" hollered Tom. There was no response. "Get up, Shaun, please," I said. And Shaun got to his feet.

Tom eyed me suspiciously. "The eczema is probably due to his feeding," I commented. "Cut down on the protein." Tom never said another word as I counted out some tablets to ease the irritation. He just mumbled "Good-bye" when he opened the door. "Come on, Shaun," he said. The dog did not move. "Please!" added Tom. Shaun gave a deft wag of his tail and followed obediently.

OTHER owners tended to over-humanize their pets. Take Miss Millicent, for example, tall and angular, who entered the consulting room carrying a friendly little cat called Sybil. "She doesn't seem to be quite herself," said Miss Millicent, placing Sybil on the examination table. "She's rather dreamy. She eats extremely well, but doesn't seem so active."

The little cat purred contentedly as I passed my stethoscope over her soft coat. Ears, eyes, mouth were perfect. I gently palpated her abdomen and she whisked her tail, as if disapproving of the familiarity. Then my fingers probed a little deeper and I

found the answer.

"She's pregnant," I announced confidently.

"Impossible," replied Miss Millicent, equally confidently.

The conversation could have developed into a "She is"—"She isn't" ding-dong but I asserted my professional authority. "She is. Definitely."

"But she's never been out," wailed Miss Millicent. "I'm very careful about windows and doors. The house is very secure. It has to be when you live alone."

"Any other cats in the house?" I enquired.

Miss Millicent leaned forward to pick up Sybil and cuddle her. "Only George," she replied. "But he's her brother—and he wouldn't do a thing like *that*!"

Night Call

MY FLAT was about three kilometres from the surgery. The landlady, who was Welsh, originating from Pembrokeshire, had a sign hanging in her hall: "The more I see of people, the more I like my dog." It was far from apt, for Miss Doris Bradley—or Brad, as she was known—loved people. She had a heart of gold, and instead of a dog, owned two cats.

My second week ended with a very busy Saturday, including the delivery of two sets of twin lambs. I was dozing in front of Brad's fire, emulating the larger of her cats, Percy, in the opposite chair, when

at 11pm Miss Billings telephoned. She was now in residence with Dr Hacker's widow and took the night calls. "I'm sorry, Dr Lasgarn," she said, "but it's a calving at Mrs Ridway, of Beckley. She's been trying since milking time without success."

I was donning my duffle coat and scarf when I walked my fellow-lodger, Charlie Love, a Cockney of around my age. He was in Putsley to help open a butcher's shop, one of a chain. I liked his extrovert ways; his jokes and constant chatter.

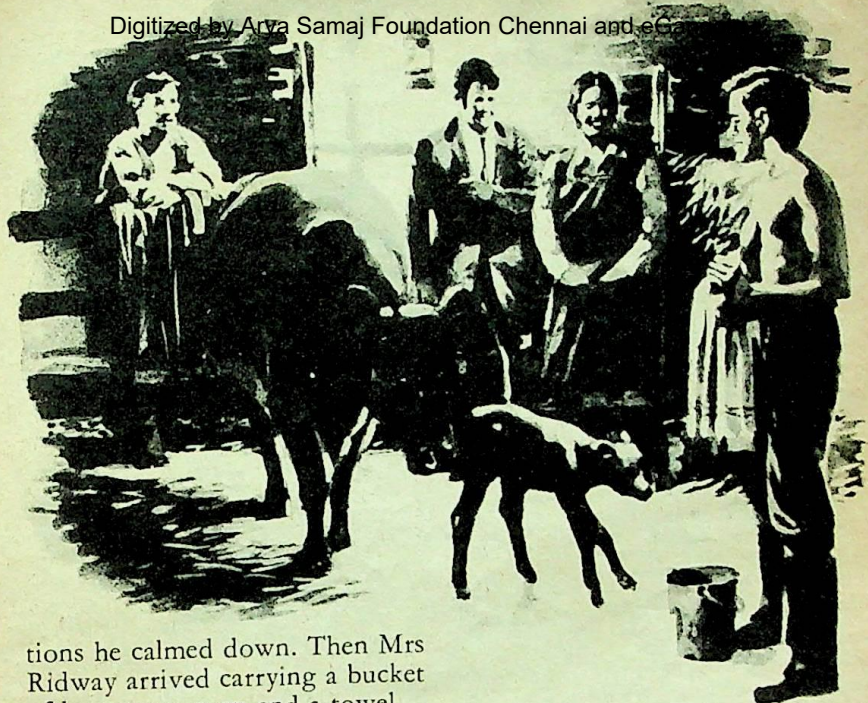
"Like some company?" he asked, when I told him where I was going.

"What, you?" I responded in amazement.

"I'm only going to watch, ain't I?" he said. "Let's get cracking." Mrs Ridway—a large lady if ever I saw one—was waiting for us at the farmhouse front door. She gazed in horror at Charlie. "Evenin', darlin'," he called. "Where's the action?"

"My man's with the cow," said Mrs Ridway, "over there in the cowhouse."

I gave Charlie from the car the metal box of equipment for calving, including ropes, and sticks to use as handles. I stripped off my shirt and together we entered the dimly lit building. "Who are you?" gasped Mr Ridway when confronted with Charlie; however, after I made the introduc-



tions he calmed down. Then Mrs Ridway arrived carrying a bucket of hot water, soap and a towel.

The cow was a Guernsey, jiggling about uneasily in her stall. "See with your fingers," C.J. Pink had said. Carefully I probed the soft vaginal passage, through the dilated cervix, over the pelvic brim and into the womb. I "saw" not a head and forelegs but a tail. I withdrew my arm.

"It's coming backwards," I said, "making the presented end larger than normal." Soaping my arms thoroughly I introduced them into the vagina, and by pushing and delving eventually managed to bring one hind foot into view, then the other. I roped both legs to wooden handles from the calving

box. It was an odd scene, with Mr Ridway holding the cow's tail aloft, Mrs Ridway pulling on one rope and Charlie on the other. Even then, Charlie couldn't resist nudging Mrs Ridway in the ribs and asking: "What's a nice girl like you doing in a dirty old shed like this?" At which Mrs Ridway burst out laughing.

The delivery was smooth. A perfect bull calf soon lay glistening on the straw. I slapped his chest; then again. "What's wrong?" said Charlie.

"He's not breathing," I replied sharply. "Fluid on his chest. Backwards calves often suffer

from this." I got down on my knees and blew into the calf's mouth to simulate respiration. It was useless—and I felt useless, too. I could hear the heart eagerly thumping, but if the lungs failed it would soon cease to function. Despairingly I looked up at Charlie. Suddenly he shook his clenched fists vigorously in the air and exclaimed: "Where's some cold water?"

"There's a trough outside," said Mr Ridway.

"Pick him up!" ordered Charlie, grabbing the calf's forelegs. "And open the door," he called to Mrs Ridway. We swung the calf outside and up into the trough. "In!" said Charlie. "All of him!" We plunged the little bull deep into the icy water. He gasped audibly when we pulled him out and hauled him back to the cow-house. As he lay in the straw I could see his chest heaving. I massaged him until he was breathing deeply and evenly. Finally he bawled out lustily.

"I've never seen that before," declared Mr Ridway, shaking Charlie by the hand. "Where did you learn a trick like that?"

"Saw John Wayne do it on a ranch in Nevada," said Charlie.

We left for the farmhouse kitchen to drink tea laced generously with whisky. Charlie was in top form, cracking jokes and singing Cockney rhymes—it was quite a party. We left in the small hours

bearing a dozen eggs each, a thick wedge of home-cured bacon and a pint of cream. In the car I told Charlie gratefully: "You saved that calf tonight. Why, though, did you say you saw John Wayne do it? You've never been to the States."

"Course I haven't," he chortled. "But I've been to the cinema."

Tess

THE Reverend Gladstone, vicar of St Mary's, Brentdor, asked for his dog to be put to sleep. Overnight rain had made the road leading up to the vicarage muddy. I left the car, unlatched the wooden gate and took the path that trailed through an unkempt shrubbery, the foliage hanging heavily in the cold damp air. As I reached the front door I felt engulfed in an air of desolation and sadness.

The bell pull responded jerkily. I heard a bell ring faintly within the depths of the house. When Mr Gladstone came to the door, white hair was his only distinguishing feature; the rest of the frail figure in clerical black was hard to see against the gloom of the hall.

"She's in the study," he said quietly, leading the way.

As I passed a stand laden with coats and walking sticks I noticed some lady's hats. Mr Gladstone, sensing my observation, said without turning: "My dear wife Molly passed away last year." He shook his head, adding:

"Sadly missed."

The study was small, with a distinctly musty odour. Lying prostrate before an electric fire, her greying muzzle resting upon a green pillow, and her body partly covered by a patchwork blanket, was an aged red setter. "My Tess," said the old man affectionately.

Putting my medical case on the floor, I knelt beside the dog and gently drew back the blanket. Though her coat still shone, she was painfully thin. "She started to falter two days ago," began Mr Gladstone. "For some time she's been drinking more water than usual. I got some tablets for her kidneys. But she is 15 and I became resigned that no more could be done."

It was obvious that her resistance was failing fast. "I'm afraid that for Tess, things are wearing out," I said. "Nothing lasts for ever."

"How right you are, young man." He told me how with his wife he returned from missionary work abroad to take up living at Brentdor. "We bought Tess as a pup. She was full of fun. Molly would play with her on the lawn. As I prepared my sermons I heard her laughter and Tess barking."

There was an uneasy silence while Mr Gladstone studied the backs of his scrawny hands and I stroked Tess's forehead. After all, I reasoned, it was an elderly dog and what I was about to do was

both practical and humane. But I glanced at the old man, whose last link with his departed wife and those happy, carefree days I was about to sever, and I realized I was getting involved. There was far more to being a country vet than I had ever imagined.

Mr Gladstone said: "I can repay Tess's loyalty by not letting her linger."

"Would you like to stay?" I asked.

He shook his head, then knelt beside me to cradle the setter's head in his arms. "Run on now, my Tess, to dear Molly. I'll be with you shortly." He grabbed my arm as he rose. "I'll leave her in your care." He shuffled to the door.

My eyes were feeling gritty, so I took a deep breath and opened the medical case. Tess looked up momentarily as the fine needle entered her vein. When the barbiturate flooded her blood-stream she lowered her head on to her paws, as if she was very tired. Then she was still. Tess was dead, and I had killed her.

After covering her with the patchwork blanket and putting the syringe and bottle away, I called Mr Gladstone. He offered me a sherry. His hand shook so much that most of it spilt on the floor. I asked if he would like me to take Tess with me, but he declined, saying he would bury her in the garden. He walked with me to the gate and, as we parted, even



GKW'S MULTI-PRONGED THRUST TOWARDS LARGER VOLUME, SUPERIOR QUALITY, LOWER COSTS AND HIGH TECHNOLOGY

Excerpts from the statement made by Mr K B Lall, Chairman, on the occasion of the Fifty-sixth Annual General Meeting of Guest Keen Williams Limited held in Calcutta on 30th May, 1986.

When we met last year we had viewed the future with a sense of cautious optimism. Regrettably, our travails are not behind us yet. Despite our best efforts, we could not avoid a deficit at the close of the year. I share and appreciate your concern.

A few general observations may be offered at the outset. First, an indepth analysis of operating results shows that the principal activities in major business areas have yielded an overall profit.

Second, when performance is viewed from month to month, the trend over successive quarters is found to be heartening. A substantial level of loss generation during the first half of 1985 changed rapidly into a profit position during the second half of the year.

Third, the toll taken by finance charges has risen over the years from rupees four crores in 1981 to nearly rupees nine crores in 1985. For about the same volume of inventory, the cost of capital borrowed to finance it has increased by 24%. Lowering it must be a matter of wider concern for it contributes significantly to the high cost of industrial production in the country.

Fourth, as manufacturers of intermediate products your company finds itself financially pressed by the insistence of suppliers of primary materials and services for prompt payment and the resistance on the part of its customers to credit limits. Because of severe stringencies in liquidity, even reputed customers of long standing have experienced difficulty in honouring their commitments on time. Measures to relax cash constraints on productive activity, I trust, are engaging the attention of the banking community.

The focus of management action over recent years has been on resolving the chronic problems encountered in our Works in Eastern India. The experience gained and the results obtained hold promise for the future.

In the Steel Division substantial increases in throughput have been achieved. This has been the result of successful improvements in production processes. The success secured in stepping up and sustaining quality standards has been gratifying. Manufacturing costs have been trimmed in significant measure. But the recent increases in fiscal levies on inputs have wiped off the gains and threaten to push the threshold of profitability beyond our immediate reach. In the expectation that representations to concerned authorities in this regard will evoke a constructive response, an integrated plan has

been developed to further push up productivity, enhance quality and lower costs. **We are convinced that soft loans for timely investment in technological upgradation and supportive fiscal action to reduce input costs will enable the alloy steel industry to meet the nation's rising requirements at reasonable prices.**

In the Bolt & Nut Division a sum of rupees three crores has been invested in installing current generation high speed boltmakers. Their high volume production runs will make it possible to curtail costs provided overmanning is contained within tolerable limits. As the newly installed galvanising plant becomes operational, the Division will succeed in stepping up the quality of galvanised bolts and nuts to world standards and raising output to meet the needs of the transmission tower industry at home and abroad. Our focus in 1986 will be on realising possibilities and optimising utilisation for increasing the quantity and upgrading the quality of high tensile and other speciality products. **The aim is to turn the Bolt & Nut Division around as soon as possible.**

Last year I had occasion to refer to Government's changing attitude towards industrial sickness. For more than a decade a substantial scale of management effort has been devoted to making the Forgings Division a viable operation. In the face of mounting losses we had to bow to the inevitable last year. As you are all aware an agreement for the sale of this Division as a going concern was concluded. This is the best arrangement we could make to protect the interests of the work force. Unfortunately a combination of internal and external forces succeeded in frustrating it. The agreement had to be rescinded early this year. It is generally agreed that your Company is in no position to revive this loss making activity. Any weakening of the resolve in this regard could only jeopardise the effort to turn around the manufacturing operations at Andul Road.

The multi-pronged thrust towards larger volume, superior quality and lower costs is beginning to yield concrete results. These would not have been possible without dependable improvement in the supply of power by the public utility authorities. We are hoping it would be possible to consolidate this improvement and ease the remaining restrictions. We look forward to further support from the State Government and from the Government of India in implementing our programmes to make our manufacturing operations more cost effective. For the success of these programmes, complete understanding on the part of the workers and their leaders is essential. We believe this will continue to be forthcoming in full measure.

It is depressing to record that at this crucial juncture adverse developments in the business areas served by our Works in Bhandup and Kanhe forced us to curtail the volume of profit yielding operations in the Western Region. Customers in the electrical equipment industry found themselves confronted with serious shortage of cash resources. The automotive industry,

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particularly the commercial vehicle sector, has been encountering heavy demand recession.

We are not daunted by the temporary set back in the Sankey Pressings Division's fortunes. We expect that the business areas serviced will soon recover their momentum. We do not therefore propose to relax our continuing effort to maintain our leadership in terms of quality and costs. We are currently working out a comprehensive strategy to link the indigenous availability of cold rolled silicon steel in coil form with emerging business opportunities for special configuration laminations.

Credit had been claimed last year for taking the decision at a time of acute depression to invest a large amount in setting up a versatile press shop at Kanhe. We have since taken advantage of a new opportunity to extend its product and customer range. A working relationship has also been developed with Fuji Tool & Die, well known all over the world for their specialisation in the manufacture of press tools for the automotive industry. **This will enhance the Division's technical skills and design capabilities enabling it to move towards new frontiers of computer aided design and manufacture, and consolidate its status as the largest independent supplier of metal pressings in the country.**

The Screws & Fasteners Division have maintained their traditional contribution due to their focus on productivity and customer satisfaction. They are now addressing themselves more vigorously to product development. The concept of franchising technology is being explored. The first step in ancillarisation has been taken and a fresh look is being given to a higher degree of participation in the export effort.

I cannot recall another year in our young Republic's history in which so much has happened in the economic field as in 1985. The Seventh Plan sets up ambitious targets for industry in the private and public sectors to achieve. Conscious attempts are being made to stimulate individual initiatives and foster the spirit of enterprise. The regulatory system is being simplified and reoriented towards development goals. Market forces are being freed from cramping controls to generate healthy competition. Industrial production is sought to be enriched through liberal imports of technology and contemporaneous equipment.

Fresh winds are blowing to alter attitudes to cost, quality and consumer preferences. Fiscal, financial and commercial policies are being revamped to foster economic efficiency. The Revenue authorities are trying to increase revenue collection by reducing tax levels and secure better tax compliance by simplifying procedures. **Change is in the air but the quality of its management leaves much to be desired.** Smooth execution of imaginative concepts require skillful diligence and team work on the part of all the participants in the process. Fortunately there is a growing convergence in perceptions, approaches and goals between Industry and Administration. The present conjuncture is propitious for developing new mechanisms to promote fruitful interaction between them. **The time is ripe for launching a movement to promote mutual understanding, trust and appreciation between the policy maker and the entrepreneur, between the administrator and the corporate manager. As this movement gathers momentum and develops inner strength, so will the stature of industry in our national economy rise to the level attained by it in highly industrialised economies.**

Your Directors are conscious of their responsibility to ensure that your company's contribution to industrial transformation is in keeping with its reputation and role in the engineering sector. However, the pressure on your company's profits in recent years, arising from a combination of rising input costs with

signaling demand for their products, limits their options. Having realistically recognised the difficulty of generating adequate financial resources internally, they have assiduously sought to involve State Industrial Corporations and reputed manufacturers from abroad as their partners in new joint ventures. **By pursuing this route, your company is acquiring valuable stakes in high-tech enterprises with adequate managerial and technical control.**

In close consultation with GKN, plans have been formulated to manufacture constant velocity joints for the automotive industry. Ground is being freshly broken at Dharuhera, situated in a backward area of North India. **Our partners will transfer the latest driveline technology and jointly we shall build a plant to supply constant velocity joints to vehicle manufacturers and generate the impulse for the vehicular industry to launch itself into the front wheel drive era.**

In our joint venture with the West Bengal Electronics Industry Development Corporation at Salt Lake we have plans to instal a range of equipment, many of them numerically controlled, covering the whole gamut of precision machining. **This enterprise will place us in the forefront of tool room technology and give significant support to the nascent electronics industry.** In the projects that take us into the electronics and telecommunications sectors we have narrowed down the technology sources from amongst internationally accepted names in Western Europe and the terms of technology transfer are at advanced stages of negotiation.

Your Company faced tremendous odds during the course of 1985. A number of unfavourable circumstances conspired to defeat the effort to win a modest return. The recommendation to skip a dividend is unpalatable at the best of times. But I seek your support for it in the conviction that a series of steps have been taken to enhance the potential for making profits in the coming years.

An eminent management consultant has been commissioned to carry out an organisational review. The process of identifying strengths and weaknesses has been completed and recommendations are being finalised. We soon expect to be in a position to change some of our systems and structures so as to quicken our response to the market place and provide for more effective and efficient management of current and future operations.

In all our efforts to emerge strengthened from our recent trials and tribulations we have had unstinted support from our principal shareholder and technology partner, Guest Keen & Nettlefolds. Their own successful experiences with modernisation and restructuring have served to influence our choices. Equally whole-hearted has been the interest taken by the financial institutions in our plans to diversify and modernise. Your continuing confidence in the company's future has been a source of strength. No less reassuring has been the unflinching manner in which your company's employees have faced a difficult situation: they have demonstrated a commendable degree of professionalism in successfully overcoming unexpected problems. I am sure you would wish me to place on record your appreciation of their sustained endeavours. *(This does not purport to be a report of the proceedings of the Annual General Meeting.)*



medium

asked God to bless me.

Seven or eight hundred metres out of Brentdor I stopped by the roadside and sat for quite some time, just thinking.

Uncle Albert

WHEREAS farmers discussed their animals' bodily functions without hesitation, other clients, like Amy and Elvira Pugh, of Yew Tree Cottage, two prim and proper, unmarried sisters in their fifties, were clearly embarrassed. They presented themselves at the surgery and sought a word with me "on a private matter."

"We can't go through it again," said Elvira enigmatically.

"Go through with what?" I enquired.

"Lambing! It's not fair on us."

Amy chipped in: "We were up every night for three weeks last time."

It turned out that their cantankerous father kept as a hobby a small flock of ewes, plus a ram always referred to as Uncle Albert for reasons I did not have the temerity to ask. Father refused to isolate Uncle Albert or sell him—with inevitable results.

Elvira, turning her face away, said: "We wondered if Uncle Albert could have 'the operation'." Amy bowed her head and studied her shoes.

"A vasectomy?" I said.

Both stared at me appealingly. "Yes!" they chorused. And so it

was that after ten o'clock one dark night, when Father was safely in bed, I parked in the lane some distance away from Yew Tree Cottage, where he wouldn't hear my car, and set off for the most clandestine rendezvous of my young career.

Amy, rubbing her hands nervously, met me and escorted me to a barn where Elvira, illuminated by two portable paraffin lamps, stood clad in a green rubber apron, boots, a mob cap and pink kitchen gloves. Beside her were three buckets of steaming water and, on a small table, a pile of towels. I don't know what she was expecting, but she was certainly well prepared. Uncle Albert, penned behind a gate in the corner, looked completely unconcerned.

"Is there anything else you require?" asked Elvira, obviously having elected herself as theatre assistant.

"A wheelbarrow," I replied. Elvira gazed at me in disbelief. I explained: "Turned up against the wall, it makes an ideal operating chair for this sort of thing. We sit Uncle Albert in it, tie his hind legs to the handles and, with a rope round his middle, we'll be finished in two minutes."

The operation went well. The old fellow had a local anaesthetic and didn't feel a thing. I was in the lane, carrying my medical case back to the car, when I met Police Constable Bob Packham, the

partly local policeman, leaning on his bicycle.

"Working late?" he commented in a slightly suspicious tone.

"Been doing a vasectomy on Uncle Albert for Amy and Elvira," I told him. "Had to do it at night, so their father wouldn't know."

"I see," said Packham vaguely. But I don't think he really did.

"Good Work, Hugh"

BRAD, my landlady, sounded terribly distressed on the telephone. "Percy's had an accident, Mr Lasgarn. Could you come home?"

It was the last week of my 30-day stay in Ledingford. McBean, my fellow-lodger Charlie Love and I had gone out for the evening to a country club on the town's outskirts. Charlie hurried back with me. Percy lay in his favourite spot by the kitchen stove. He had tried to jump from the apple tree on to Brad's windowsill, misjudged the distance and cracked his chin on the sill. His lower jaw was broken at the most difficult place to mend: the front. "Please don't put him to sleep," Brad sobbed.

I gently lifted Percy on to the kitchen table. "I can't plaster his jaw," I said, thinking aloud, "but if I could fix the bones together with wire, it would still allow the tongue to function and Percy could at least lap. The wire has to be fine and strong, but pliable."

"Like fuse wire," said Charlie.

Brad ferreted about in a drawer and held up a card. "Thirty amp should do the trick," I said. I anaesthetized Percy and secured the fractured ends of the jaw in place. I was putting my things away when McBean arrived. "Thought I'd call by," he said. He scrutinized Percy's repaired jaw carefully, then pronounced: "Good work, Hugh."

I asked if he would take the brace off in about a month's time. "Can't do it myself," I explained. "I'll be finished here next week."

"Well, now!" McBean took my arm and secretively turned me into the corner. "Bob Hacker and I have been talking," he confided. "We're short-handed. And I think we could get you deferment from the Army, if you'd like to stay. Think it over."

The offer took me completely by surprise. When I'd thought it over, I accepted. "Captain Lasgarn of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps" would have sounded good, but I loved the countryside, the livestock, the way of life. The War Office gave me deferment, time unspecified. My salary went up £2 to £15 a week. Moreover, I was accorded a great honour. Bob Hacker, noticing the battered medical case he had given me, remarked: "That looks as if it's had its day."

"The drawers are broken as well," I added.

Bob called me into the surgery.



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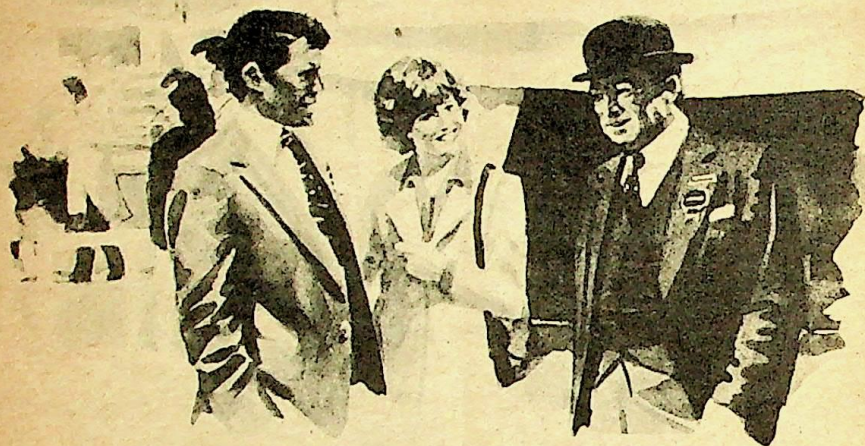
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"My father's death was a tragic loss to the profession," he began. "He wanted to pass on all his findings and experience to the oncoming generation of veterinary surgeons. Sadly, he isn't here to help you, but at least this will." He handed me his father's splendid leather medical case. "I'd like you to have it. I'm sure that if ever you're stuck, the old man will open the right drawers for you."

It was like getting my spurs. I didn't know what to say. "Go and see if it'll fit in your car," said Bob and he turned away, pretending to look for something on the top shelf. So I just said: "Thank you. I do appreciate it," and went out to my car, G.R. Hacker's case gripped firmly in my hand.

RED EARTH, red cattle, red apples in the orchard—Herefordshire was everything a country vet

could wish for. I made many friends but also lost some. Brad's cat Percy must have been on his ninth and final life because three weeks after I removed the wire frame from his jaw he was killed by a motorcyclist. And Charlie went up to Cheshire, to open another butcher's shop. I missed his happy-go-lucky company tremendously.

But the biggest change in my life was to discover I was in love. Her name was Diana. I met her at a party and instantly decided she was the most attractive girl I'd seen: blonde hair, blue eyes and high cheekbones. At university I had met several girls, but on a student allowance it was difficult to create much of an impression. Diana was certainly impressed when I took her to the annual Ledingford Agricultural and Horse Show. We swept through the ticket barrier simply by pro-

ducing my badge as the event's Veterinary Surgeon. "My," said Diana impishly, "it's the first time I've come with an *official*!" Then she took my hand. "Come on, Mr Vet, show me the Show!"

The Ledingford ranks among the best one-day displays of livestock and agricultural produce in the English-Welsh border country. Who should we find judging the heifers in the judging ring but Mr Paxton. When his eye fell on me he came across. I introduced him to Diana. The old tyrant raised the brim of his bowler and smiled benevolently. Diana responded by smiling delectably. "Don't know what you've done to deserve company like this, Lasgarn," said Paxton. "You're a very fortunate fellow." Then he fixed me with his steely glare. "I want you to cut the corns out of Warrior. I want it done soon. Ring me tomorrow."

It was like a knife in the back. What had McBean said? "Lord save us if anything happens to Warrior while you're cutting his corns. It'll be 'Goodbye Hugh.' " Oh, my God, this was trouble.

As I lay in bed that night I thought how fully I agreed with Paxton that I was a most fortunate fellow. But when I closed my eyes all I could see was Warrior, hobbling up and down, complaining about his wretched corns.

I phoned Paxton next morning. He was in his usual arrogant

form. "I want it done tomorrow morning, Lasgarn," he roared.

"There are risks," I warned him.

"Now look," said Paxton threateningly, "you are a professional and professionals have to take risks. I want you here tomorrow at 10.30."

McBean's face was a picture when I told him what had been arranged. "Mother Mary and all the Saints be blessed," he said, giving a low whistle. For an hour we discussed the operation step by step: how much anaesthetic, how long it would last, how deep to incise. After a while I felt that come what might, I was as ready as I could ever be.

I had started doing morning surgeries as an innovation, and the following day, shortly before I went off to Mr Paxton, Miss Billings shepherded in my last client.


"Billy Bent and his budgerigar," she announced as eight-year-old Billy, in a tattered woollen pullover and shorts, struggled into the consulting-room carrying a cage. Sitting forlornly on the perch was a blue budgerigar whose lack-lustre plumage matched its tiny owner's pathetic state.

"His stomach," said Billy. "It's all swollen up."

"What do you call him?" I asked.

"Peter," he said, his voice

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quivering.

I managed to catch the frail creature without much effort and I gently probed the swelling; obviously an impaction of the crop. When I questioned Billy about the feeding he replied bluntly, "Seed and greens." There was no grit in the cage so I explained that budgies need grit to aid digestion.

"Ask your Dad to get you some," I said.

"My Dad's dead," he replied, stony-faced.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Billy," I apologized. "Your Mum, then."

"Mum's in the hospital." Billy lived with his grandmother.

"Look," I said, "we'll give Peter a dose of liquid paraffin to ease his stomach."

"He won't die, will he?" asked Billy.

I shook my head. "Bring him back tonight. There's a good lad."

Operation

McBEAN predicted that however promptly I arrived at Donhill Court Mr Paxton would be impatient. McBean was right. The old man bore down on me before I could even get out of the car. "I've had the yard strawed down," he said. "There are four men."

Warrior was a brick. It took me two stabs of the syringe to get the anaesthetic properly into his jugular, which was like a drain-pipe, yet he never budged.

Paxton's stockman, Mason, and another man were at Warrior's head, and a man stood on either flank to steady him. As the chloral slowly narcotized the great hulk, Warrior closed his eyes, sank gently to his knees, then lowered his powerful hindquarters and lay on his side in perfect position.

With Warrior snoring contentedly I made the incisions boldly and deeply, keeping a watchful eye on his chest, always thankful to see it heaving up and down. I packed the cavities I had made with sulphonamide before strapping them firmly with heavy bandage and tape. Finally I gave him a large injection of penicillin.

"He should be up within the hour," I commented. Paxton stumped off without a word of thanks.

After the hours of tension and worry I felt euphoria. I did my remaining calls for the day with a permanent grin of relief on my face.

First in for evening surgery were Billy Bent and Peter. "'He's still got the lump,'" said Billy. "He ain't no better."

The liquid paraffin had been ineffective. "Peter is going to need a little operation," I told the lad "Come and fetch him tomorrow night."

I left Peter until I had seen the rest of the clients. It wasn't going to be a big job; a small nick to remove the debris and a fine stitch

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would be all that was required. I anaesthetized Peter in a bell jar, into which I'd slipped a swab of cotton wool moistened with ether. I laid the feathered scrap on the table. He was very still. His claws clenched; they relaxed—and I knew that Peter was dead.

Miss Billings was understanding. She told me it was not my fault, which I had already tried to tell myself. I wasn't upset about the budgie so much as for Billy. Ironically, after the morning's success with Warrior, instead of finishing work in a state of elation, I drove back home depressed over the death of a budgerigar.

Warrior looked magnificent when I visited Donhill Court next morning to check on his progress. "Nothing like as lame as he used to be," said Mason. "The boss ain't half pleased. He says you're to go to the house."

I was ushered into a grand book-lined study. Paxton sat behind a vast oak desk. He congratulated me on my work, then barked impatiently: "Well! You can at least smile. I don't usually hand out compliments. What's the matter, man?"

I told him about Billy Bent and the budgerigar. According to form, he should have berated me for wasting his time, but he listened intently. "Come with me," he said when I'd finished. I followed him out through the French windows to his aviary: large airy

cages of parakeets, love-birds, cockatoos and budgerigars, an exotic explosion of noise, colour and activity. "You think I'm an arrogant bastard, don't you?" he asked suddenly. I made no comment. "Go on, admit it!"

I nodded. "You're right," he said. "I am. And I'll tell you why."

Paxton was born up North, on a large country estate. "My father worked on the land; my mother was in service—and they were treated like dirt. I had a pet jackdaw I called Barley, because I found him on the edge of a barley field. That bird was my whole life. He would ride on my shoulder."

One day Paxton was walking through the wood and met His Lordship's two sons and three dogs. Barley panicked at the dogs. He fluttered up into a tree and wouldn't come down. The boys said: "We'll get him for you."

Recalled Paxton: "I thought they were going to get a ladder, but they came back with a gun. And they shot Barley right out of the tree. I was only eight at the time, the same age as your Billy Bent, but that experience changed my whole personality. I had been a quiet, shy boy. After that, I swore I'd get even. As soon as I was old enough I started buying and selling scrap. I worked, I sweated. I barged my way through life. By the time I was 50 I had made a fortune. Then the estate where I was born came up for sale. It was

so run-down they couldn't get a bid. They came and asked me—the servants' son—if I was interested. I laughed in their faces!"

When Paxton moved down to Herefordshire he decided to have the best land, the best crops, best livestock and the finest collection of birds that money could buy. He waved his cane about expansively. "And all, Lasgarn, you might say, because of a dead jackdaw." He smiled wistfully. "But I never had time for anything else; time to get married, time to raise a family. I'm a successful but miserable man."

I was at a loss to know why he had revealed his life story to me. "Billy Bent," he said in answer.

"Bring him out here next Saturday and he shall have the smartest pair of budgerigars in the country. And bring that young lady of yours, too."

BILLY didn't cry when I told him Peter had died. It might have been easier for me if he had. He just kept searching my face with his sad little eyes. But when after surgery I had taken him home to his grandmother's house and we had buried Peter in the corner of a flower bed, and Grandma had given permission for the trip to Mr Paxton's, he cheered up.

Diana and I collected Billy at 2pm on the Saturday. He seemed

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to have been through a laundry and smelt of carbolic. Paxton acted like a benevolent uncle, a role of which I would never have thought him capable. His house-keeper served tea on the lawn—sandwiches, cakes, strawberries and cream. Billy ate as if it was his last day on earth.

Afterwards Paxton produced a pair of budgerigars, one green and the other blue, just like Peter, for Billy to take home. They were in a brand new bright-wired cage. As we left, Paxton asked: "I suppose that one day you'd like to be a farmer like me, Billy?"

"No, thank you," said Billy politely. "I'd rather be like Mr Lasgarn." Paxton tapped his cane. Once again he said: "Lasgarn, you

are a very fortunate fellow."

Exactly a fortnight later I felt the luckiest man in the world. I took Diana to the Shepwall Valley and the Black Mountain. The afternoon was hot and sunny, with a soft breeze. The sky was silver blue and riding high. I showed Diana the letter I had received from the War Office. It said that National Service recruitment was being reduced, and I was exempt.

She threw her arms around me. "How marvellous," she cried happily. "Does that mean you'll be staying in Ledingford?"

"On one condition," I said. "That you'll marry me."

"Yes," said Diana. And the Black Mountain was the very first to know.

The Difference

"WHAT'S the difference between a debtee and a debtor?" the economics teacher asked his class.

"The former," said the student, "has a better memory than the latter."

—E.C. Tan

For Want of a Bag...

DURING a recent bank robbery at Chembur, a Bombay suburb, the robbers faced a shortage of bags to take away the loot. They persuaded one of the employees to 'lend' them an empty plastic container. When this was overflowing with cash, the robbers looked around for more bags, but could not spot any. Finally, not relishing the thought of leaving behind any cash in the bank, one of them requested a woman employee to part with her handbag.

She flatly refused, saying she had a lot of personal belongings in it. At this, the robbers offered to buy the bag—with the money they had looted from the bank!

Finding the woman adamant, the robbers relented and went away, leaving behind a few thousand rupees in the safe.

—The Times of India



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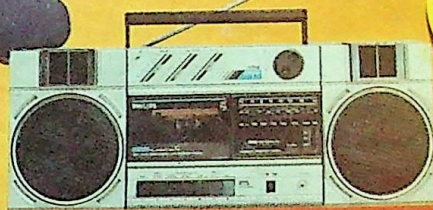
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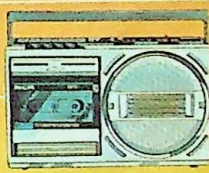
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